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the ALTERNATIVE

Harold Demsetz
on John Kenneth Galbraith, Inc.
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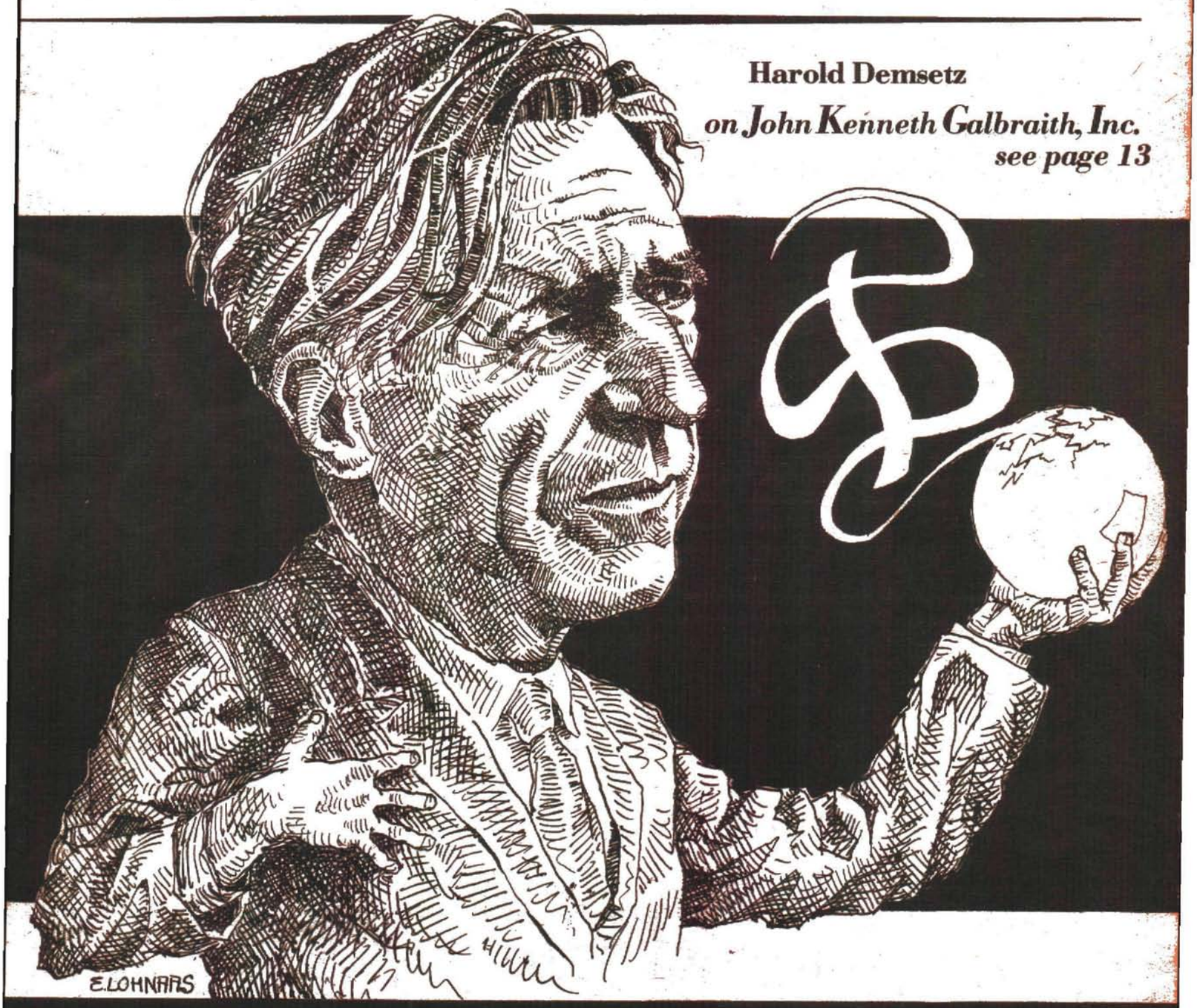

Arnold **Beichman** *on Parties in the Age of Watergate*

Ben J. **Wattenberg** *A Liberal Looks at Theodore H. White*

Irving **Kristol** *on Utopianism, Ancient and Modern*

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☆The Continuing Crisis☆

SPRING! and overwhelming love was in the air. Mr. Zadok Nager took for better or for worse the hand of Miss France Peretz in whom he once had planted thirteen machine gun bullets during a lovers' row. The nuptials were held under the vigilant eyes of plainclothes men in Kfar Sava, Israel. In Utica, New York, sixty-three-year-old Mr. Martin Galt, a retired sword swallower, married his fascinated eighteen-year-old sweetheart during a church ceremony wherein he disgorged both wedding rings and a walking stick. In Mexico, Señor Domengo Gasca Araujo, 52, who has sired seventeen children by Señorita Virginia Rosas Gonzales, 42, was so touched when she asked him to marry her that he quietly stepped into the bathroom and blew his brains out.

■ The third largest contributor to Mr. Nixon's second administration might prove to be none other than Mr. Nixon himself. On April 3 he agreed to pay nearly half a million dollars to the IRS for back taxes and penalties—without any promise of an ambassadorship or even partial immunity to prosecution. This astronomical figure was launched by the IRS and a special congressional investigating committee some twelve days before the silent majority picked up the tab for a year of truly amazing governmental monkeyshines. Surprisingly many Americans do not seem to feel that they received their money's worth, and some are taking it out on Mr. Nixon, whose popularity is not what it was a year ago. In New York City, Mrs. Milton Kravenstall has brought a class action suit against the President for "consistently and maliciously interfering with my sleep," and Mr. Claude Hammer, also of that fair metropolis, has promised to sign a reciprocal suicide agreement with the President so long as the President acts first. On the other hand the people are also sour on Congress, for its public popularity now falls somewhat beneath that of the news media, though it still remains above that of the Manson family.

■ In France, the limits of governmental intervention were dramatically shown when, notwithstanding months of governmental communiqués attesting to the soundness of his health, President Georges Pompidou died. Senate President Alain Poher became temporary chief of state, and elections have been scheduled for May 5. NATO celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and Miss Blossom Seeley died as did Mr. Frank McGee. On April 13 Mr. Arthur Krock, one of the century's most admirable journalists passed on. Finally our nation's leaders are dutifully making preparations for the dignified interment of Mr. Smokey the Bear, now a senior citizen of Washington's National Zoo, where he apparently struck up an acquaintance with Democratic Representative Harold Runnels. The Hon. Runnels it is who, early in the month, introduced a congressional resolution assuring a state burial for Mr. Smokey in his home town of Capitan, New Mexico—a bit of harmless legislative facetiae perhaps, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish between waggishness and high affairs of state as life goes on in the nation's capital.

■ There is the preposterous imbroglio over the presidential tapes. Is this a solemn prelude to the impeachment of a president or is it an elaborate and tasteless parody of the politics of Idi Amin's amazing Uganda? On April 11 the House Judiciary Committee subpoenaed the mysterious tapes whereupon followed two weeks of confused hemmings and hawings from members of the committee who seemed besotted in doubts as to how serious their historic summons really was. Even the moguls of the media seemed to fall in with what became a pandemic shrug of rotting indignation. But when Mr. Nixon surprised his dizzy antagonists by turning over transcripts of his tapes during a nationally televised speech, they unbosomed a furious bellow and carried on like a lynch mob. In less than twelve hours editorialists at newspapers like the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* had analyzed some 1,308 pages of transcribed presidential conversations and found them all beneath the salt. Further, many members of Congress concurred rancorously, though it has long been suspected that several of these grumpy fellows are functional illiterates. For weeks the whole affair took on the idiotic atmosphere of our last Democratic convention without a sober voice to be heard. The transcripts themselves indicate that American policymakers give themselves over to grave sessions of almost incoherent babble punctuated by "vulgarities" and orders for more anchovy pizza.

■ Still politics is not all comedy and fustian. It bears its tragedies too. In Bridgewater, New York, Mayor Gerald Wisnoski ran for reelection unopposed and finished third. In Niger, President Hamani Dioir left the presidential palace for a morning stroll with his favorite chicken only to return and find that he had fallen victim to a bloodless coup led by Lieutenant Colonel Seyni Kountie. But then there is the lovely land of Portugal, and the *New York Times* reports that carnations are flowering from gun muzzles after General Antonio de Spinola toppled that country's forty-year-old dictatorship. So there you have it.

■ On April 15 friends of Patty Hearst were relieved to learn that she is indeed alive and intends to take up a new career as a bank robber in the San Francisco area. Killing whites has become a favored pasttime for a small and anonymous group of San Francisco Negroes, and Mayor Alioto now believes that as many as eighty whites may have been murdered. That wilderness enthusiast who invaded Central Park Zoo's deer pen and clubbed five deer will now have to climb over three strands of barbed wire in order to indulge his innocent fancies. Sixty manhole covers have been spirited off from the streets of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Babe Ruth's home run record of 714 was finally surpassed by Mr. Henry Aaron of Atlanta just days before a tire salesman from Modesto, California, Mr. Stanley E. Jacobsen, became the 511th known suicide from the Golden Gate Bridge. Friends have hastened to report that the late Mr. Jacobsen is not politically active. Records were also set by Mr. John Duncan of Sydney, Australia, who drove his car backwards for 131 miles; by West Germany, which won the World's Beer Drinking Championship; and by Mr. Harold Smith of Forgan, Oklahoma, who became the first man ever to win the World Cow Chip Tossing Championship three times.

■ Suspecting some sort of lascivious doings a hastily raised posse broke into the North Dakota Society of Philatelists meeting in Silver, North Dakota. Poor Mr. Ronald Faye Leigh of Crestview, Florida, whose only celebrity to date has been his indictment for first-degree murder, had to face up to the ignominy of hearing his public defender ask for a new trial on the grounds that Judge Charles Wade repeatedly had drifted into the Land of Nod during Mr. Leigh's unimaginative defense. Mr. Maurice Stans and Mr. John Mitchell were found not guilty on April 28, but on April 29 Mrs. Mitchell's lawyers initiated divorce proceedings anyway. In Israel Mr. Yitzhak Rabin has replaced Premier Golda Meir, who retired two weeks before Secretary of State Henry Kissinger embarked on his fifth Mideast peace-seeking mission.

■ Mr. Abbie Hoffman, the American author and lecturer, was declared a fugitive when he failed to appear for the third time at a hearing in connection with charges that he is nothing more than a common cocain salesman. And an indication of just how dreadful American penal institutions are came from Mr. E. Howard Hunt, adventurer and patriot, who, in a plea for prison reform, went so far as to say that his term in a federal calaboose was "the most incredible period in my life." Reformers, there you have it! □

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The ALTERNATIVE

edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

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The Alternative *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club which publishes it monthly October through June. One year subscriptions (nine issues) cost $6.00, and all correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to* The Alternative, *c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

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Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin—and yes, sex, even sex.

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Editorial

The Alternative, Since Yesterday

IT HAS BEEN four years since one Elizabeth Taylor wrote me to the effect that the students of White Pines College were not interested in receiving a subscription to *The Alternative*. As Madame Taylor was then dean of that illustrious citadel of learning, I could easily understand the matronly vigilance for her flock's virtue, and, enjoined by my effortless compassion I replied, "Your name has been sent to the F.B.I."

I have been sending such genial notes to readers ever since, and though some like Madame Taylor already knew quite enough about our high-minded endeavor, others have sought to know more about the magazine and the idealistic young people who serve it up every month. It is with them in mind that I have confected this little essay about the nature and origins of a magazine which remains, so far as I can ascertain, the only magazine in the country still capable of giving scandal to college girls.

Our season of gestation was the late 1960s, a time when authorities were breaking down all across the Republic. Whether it was the authority of high culture, the university, the courts, or whatever, it did not seem to matter. There was a fever on the land, and swarms of pests rose up where once only nice bright liberals had dwelt. These pests proved many old verities, the most salient being man's enduring tendency to become the very ass he had heretofore warned us about. These descendants of rationalism, humane sensibility, and democratic process became dervishes of antiintellectualism and authoritarianism.

Not all of them goose-stepped to the same tune. Some became revolutionaries while others merely opted for hectoring the citizenry with all sorts of idiotic and inconvenient reforms. Pecksniffery, puritanism, and philistinism were revived on a gigantic and wonderful scale hitherto unimagined even by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. But now the liberal audience had fragmented, and many thoughtful liberals found themselves nursing their prejudices with many modern conservatives. *The Alternative*'s writers emerged from this pothering milieu. It became our credo that the test of a civilized individual is how infrequently he inflicts himself upon his fellows.

Most of the young writers who bedazzle our pages today came out of the 1960s with an amused disrelish for radicals, manifestoes, and intellectual slovenliness. Further, most of us have had a bellyful of moral indignation. By 1970 it had become obvious that there were cells of enlightenment on campuses across the country, notably at Harvard and the University of Chicago; so I suggested recasting *The Alternative*, which had been an off-campus antiradical magazine at Indiana University, and presenting it to a national audience. For the most part the staff of the old *Alternative* assented, and after making organizational changes to include our associates in Cambridge, Chicago, New York, and Washington, we blossomed for the first time as a national magazine in the fall of 1970. Since then it has been an extraordinary literary spree, constant, stupendous, and delightful. Obviously, Bloomington, Indiana, and its environs constitute a highly congenial atmosphere for publishing. Not only does the area abound with many philosophical bartenders, hordes of nubile cuties, and the cow that jumped over the moon, it also has every species of clown from America writ large. What is more, thanks to the recent penetrations into these parts of mass communications and the aeroplane, we now have access to all the amenities of New York and Washington plus the colossal advantage of being able to shut them off at will.

Now *The Alternative* has been assayed as beneath the salt, when compared to such magazines as the *New Republic* or the *Nation*. But the merit of this criticism withers with every issue we publish. Our growth has followed the anfractuous pattern of evolution which is typical of a normal individual's growth to adulthood. *The Alternative* grew from an off-campus magazine into a national magazine of opinion *pari passu* with its editors' growth. It should surprise no one that our performances have been uneven, but I believe our development has been rapid and steady. The average age of our staff today is twenty-four, and our budget could not match the *New Republic*'s budget for coffee. Though we are not one of those voluptuously packaged products that appear on the American scene accompanied by a blast of trumpets and public relations persiflage, I believe we are superior to most of them. Typical of these is a new magazine that recently inflated itself into national prominence through a million-dollar advertising barrage lurid with adjectives like "provocative" and "iconoclastic," and full of assurances that whatever sacred cows still reign in America, they will soon be filled with terror and contrition. Needless to say, *New Times* is a multimillion-dollar bore, mainly because it is a Taj Mahal to the only sacred cows left, to wit: those mountebank journalists who roll themselves in the antique dust of Lincoln Steffens and compliment themselves on their audacious contemporaneity. If *New Times* ever debunks the sham pretensions of modern journalism and if it ever does it intelligently or even eloquently, I shall take the oath of silence and off to a monastery with me. But until then I shall sit back with my cohorts and snicker while *New Times* whoops it up for itself and for a newly christened journalism that is as old as the art of gossip.

Our contributors constitute a varied lot, all of whom stand on the common ground of respect for democratic process (especially American democratic process) and appreciation for cultural excellence. Some are Democrats and some are Republicans. We publish liberals and conservatives. It is our boast that any intelligent reader of any era would find us interesting. We pant after no trendy enthusiasms and peddle no nostrums. We behold America, we relish its fullness, we are enchanted by its bouquet. Too much of the stuff makes us dizzy, even sick, but the sickness is our own doing and no reason for discommoding our neighbors.

Naturally, in the era of Watergate and the Great Milk Conspiracy, some people are curious about shady operators whose feet protrude beneath the drapes. Rest assured. *The Alternative* is the property of no political party, cabal, or moon-struck Jeremiah. We are bankrolled by no labor union, no tycoon, no university, and no government cornucopia. There is no sinister force about the place, not even a small band of Black Handers, but merely a constantly expanding circle of writers interested in preserving an intelligent discourse about the educational value of business, politics, the arts, and in fact all the gorgeous elements of Americana. New writers often contact us, and we occasionally ferret a few out for ourselves. *The Alternative* accumulates a vast and one might even say lavish debt, much like the Penn Central. But as Congress has yet to be persuaded that we are critical to the public interest, we have had to raise money from friends in general fund-raising appeals. Our success has been slim, but it has been enough to keep us in paper, ink, pretzels, and beer. Further our circulation has steadily climbed, and the day is coming into view when we will about break even—though I doubt I shall ever share the tax problems of our great President. So *The Alternative* raises its funds from its readers, and is owned by no mysterious junto—though this is not to say that I would turn up my nose on a reasonable offer.

Then there is the matter of our staff. Readers have been making scholarly inquiries about them for years, and so I shall take this opportunity to lay down the facts for the historical record. The tallest is Jim Grant, a nearly seven-foot-tall retired French horn virtuoso, who anchors himself in size 15½ D shoe. The shortest is P.D. Tyrrell, twenty-four inches, who spends most of his time in bed, a trait which has become a family hallmark. As to who is the sweetest, there is a running battle between Joyce Goldberg and Neil Howe, and bearing in mind that the latter is given to cheating in such contests, I give the nod to Miss Goldberg. Joyce is also the most liberal, having voted for the famous tailor, Louis Fisher, in the last presidential sweepstakes. Ron Burr is the most conservative. In fact he has actually refused to brush his teeth until Brooks Brothers markets toothpaste. He is unmarried. I am undoubtedly the most idealistic, though Von Kannon has also supported many public-spirited endeavors, notably his recent crusade to get the Code of Hammurabi adopted as a replacement to the states' various criminal codes, or what remain of them. Our most intelligent colleague is Barry Burr, who recently dropped out of

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THE ALTERNATIVE

June—September, 1974

Irving Kristol

Utopianism, Ancient and Modern

MEN ARE DREAMING animals, and the incapacity to dream makes a man less than human. Indeed, we have no knowledge of any human community where men do fail to dream. Which is to say, we know of no human community whose members do not have a vision of perfection—a vision in which the frustrations inherent in our human condition are annulled and transcended. The existence of such dreaming visions is not, in itself, a problem. They are, on the contrary, a testament to the creativity of man which flows from the fact that he is a creature uniquely endowed with imaginative powers as an essential aspect of his self-consciousness. Only a madman would wish to abolish men's dreams, i.e., to return humanity to a purely animal condition, and we are fortunate in having had—until recently, at any rate—little historical experience of such madness. It is true that, of late, certain writers—notably Norman O. Brown—hold out the promise of such regression as a kind of ultimate redemption. But even their most admiring readers understand that this is largely literary license, rather than a serious political agenda.

On the other hand, and far more common, there are also madmen who find it impossible to disentangle dreams from reality—and of this kind of madness we have had, alas, far too much experience. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say that a good part of modern history takes place under the sign of this second kind of madness, which we familiarly call "utopianism."

I am using the term "madness" advisedly and not merely to be provocative. The intellectual history of the past four centuries consists of islands of sanity floating in an ocean of "dottiness," as the British call it. We don't see this history in this way, and certainly don't study it in this way, because—I would suggest—we have ourselves been infected by this pervasive "dottiness." Just look at the cautious and respectful way our textbooks treat the French utopian theorists of the nineteenth century: Saint-Simon, Comte, Fourier, and their many loyal disciples. It is no exaggeration to say that all of these men were quite literally "touched in the head" and their writings can fairly be described as the feverish scribblings of disordered minds. Fourier, for instance, divided humanity into no less that 810 distinct character types and then devised a social order that brought each character type his own special brand of happiness. He also believed that, in the ideal world of the future, the salty oceans would benevolently turn themselves into seas of lemonade, and that men would grow tails with eyes at the tip. Saint-Simon and Comte were somewhat less extreme in their lunacies—but not all that much. To read them, which so few actually do today, is to enter a world of phantasmagoria. Oh yes, one can cull "insights," as we say, from their many thousands of pages. But the inmates of any asylum, given pen and paper, will also produce their share of such "insights"—only it doesn't ordinarily occur to us that this is a good way of going about the collecting of insights. It is only when people write about politics in a large way that we are so indulgent to their madness, so eager to discover inspired prophecy in their fulminations.

It is not too much to say that we are all utopians now, in ways we no longer realize, we are so habituated to them. Further than that: we are even utopian when we think we are being very practical and rational. My own favorite instance of such subterranean utopianism is in an area where one is least likely to look for it. I refer to the area of city planning.

William H. Whyte, Jr., in his excellent book, *The Last Landscape*, has pointed out that, if you examine the thousands of plans which now exist for our shiny, new, wonderful cities, there is always one thing that is certain to be missing. That one thing is—a cemetery. In a properly planned city, the fact that people die is taken to be such an unwarranted intrusion into an otherwise marvelous equilibrium that city planners simply cannot face up to it. After all, if people die and are replaced by new and different people, then the carefully prescribed "mix" of jobs, of housing, of leisure-time activities—all this is going to be upset. Modern city planning, whether in the form of New Towns or Cities Beautiful, is inherently and radically utopian in that it aims to bring history to a stop at a particular moment of perfection. The two traditions of urban planning I have just mentioned disagree in their attitude toward modern technology and modern industrial society—the one wishing to minimize their influence, the other wanting to exploit their potentialities to the utmost. But both are, as a matter of historical fact, descended from various nineteenth-century utopian-socialist movements, and neither of them can bear to contemplate the fact that men are permanently subject to time and changing circumstances.

That is why city planners are so infuriated when someone like Jane Jacobs comes along and points out that the absence of old buildings in their model cities is a critical flaw—because old buildings, with their cheap rents, are needed by the small entrepreneur, the bohemian intellectual, the dilatory graduate student, the amateur scholar, and eccentrics of all kinds. These are the people who give urban life its color, its vitality, its excitement—and who, moreover, play an indispensable role in the dynamics of urban growth and decay. But growth and decay are precisely what most offend the utopian cast of mind, for which time is an enemy to be subdued. And this is why the dimension of time is so rigorously excluded from modern city planning—and from modern architecture too, which derives from the same utopian tradition. Ask a city planner or an architect whether his work will grow old gracefully, and he finds your question incomprehensible. His is the perfection of art, which is immune to time, which does not age or wither or renew itself. That human beings and human societies do age and wither and renew themselves is for him only an immense inconvenience, and he cannot wait until our social sciences shall have resolved that problem.

I want to call your attention to the interesting and important fact that this utopian cast of mind I have been describing is quite rational—only, it has ceased to be reasonable. And this divorce between rationality and reasonableness, which is characteristic

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of so many forms of madness, is also a crucial feature of modern utopianism.

Rationality has always been taken to be a criterion of utopias. This, in turn, means that utopian dreaming is a very special kind of dreaming. All of us are aware, for instance, that there is a difference between a vision of paradise or heaven on the one hand, and a vision of utopia on the other. The Old and New Testaments—or the Koran, for that matter—do not present us with utopias. It would be ridiculous to take literally or seriously any specific remarks that are found in these documents concerning the social or economic structure of heaven, or the mode of governance to be found here. Similarly, all depictions of man in his unfallen condition are not meant to be analytically scrutinized. Dreams of this order do tell us something about the nature of man, but only in the most general and allusive way. They are a kind of myth, a kind of poetry, not a kind of political philosophy. And this is why all religions take such a very dim view of those among their adherents who give too much detailed attention to such myths. It is taken as a sign of either mental instability or willful heresy when someone begins speculating in some detail about how things really were in Paradise, or how they are likely to be in Heaven. To ask questions—or worse, to give answers—about, say, the relation between the sexes in Paradise or Heaven is to transgress the boundaries of acceptable discourse. Such speculation is ordinarily forbidden, or at least frowned upon, by religious authorities.

Utopian thinking, in contrast, is a species of philosophical thinking, and arises historically at that moment when philosophy disengages itself from myth and declares its independent status. Which is to say, of course, that it is first observable among the Greeks. Plato's *The Republic* is the first utopian discourse we know of—a work of the philosophic imagination. There are myths in *The Republic*, of course, but they are recounted as myths, not as authoritative history. Moreover, *The Republic* is constructed before our eyes, step by step, by dialectical discourse among reasoning men. Though the end result will certainly strike many of us as being quite an absurd picture of an ideal society, there is nothing illogical in it, nothing miraculous, nothing superhuman. It is a possible society, violating none of the laws of nature and inhabited solely by men who are governed by recognizably human motives and passions.

All this is clear—and yet this clarity is but the occasion for a larger mystery which scholars have been exploring for two millennia now. What was Plato's intention? Was he being solemn throughout or playful throughout? How seriously did he mean us to take his ideal society? And if he did mean us to take it seriously, in what way did he want us to take it seriously?

These questions continue to be debated today, and will doubtless be debated forever. The view of Plato's utopia which I find most plausible—it is a view derived from the writings of Professor Leo Strauss—is that it is primarily a pedagogic construction. After all, Plato was neither a fool nor a madman—we could take Aristotle's word for that, even if his other dialogues did not make it evident—and he was not likely to confuse a philosopher's imaginings with the world as it is. Even if he did believe that the society described in *The Republic* would be the best of all possible societies—and we must assume he did believe it, since he says so—he almost surely did *not* believe that it was ever likely to exist. For it to come into existence, as he makes plain, you would need a most improbable conjunction of circumstances: an absolutely wise man given absolute power to construct a new social order—to do it without let or hindrance or restriction of any kind. This is not a logical impossibility—if it were, there would have been no point in writing *The Republic* at all. On the other hand, it is so unreal a possibility that a reasonable man would not allow it to govern his particular attitude toward any particular society at any particular time. As Professor Strauss puts it, Plato's utopia exists in words, not in deeds. The one existence is as authentically human as the other—but there is a world of difference between them.

This is, I should say, the basic attitude of all classical, premodern utopian thinking. Constructing a utopia was a useful act of the philosophical imagination. Contemplating such a constructed utopia—studying it, analyzing it, arguing over it—was

a marvelous exercise in moral and political philosophy. Both the construction and the contemplation were an elevating affair, leading to self-improvement of mind for those talented few who were capable of it. It also provided one with an invaluable perspective on the essential limitations of one's own society—a philosophical wisdom about things political that was superior to the reigning conventional political wisdom. But all of this was, in the highest sense of the term, "academic." Utopias existed to produce better political philosophers, not better politics. True, the existence of better political philosophers *might*, at some point, have a benevolent effect upon the society in which they lived. But the odds were overwhelmingly against it, and in his practical conduct of life the supreme virtue for the philosopher, as for everyone else, was prudence.

All of this is most perfectly and beautifully exemplified in the last of the classical utopias, Sir Thomas More's treatise which introduced the word itself, "utopia," into our Western languages. More's *Utopia* stands as an indictment of the gross imperfections in the social and political orders of his day. It was a most subversive document—but its aim was to subvert only young students of political philosophy, who could read the Latin in which it was written, and who could then be spiritually transported into the "no-where" (the literal meaning of the Greek term, *outopos*) which was the philosopher's realm of freedom. More himself, as we know, went into the service of King Henry VIII in order, as he explicitly informs us, to minimize the evils which a ruler may introduce into the world as it is—the "everywhere" which is a very different place from the philosopher's "no-where." In loyally serving King Henry, he never repudiated his utopian vision; he never apparently had the sense he was in any way "compromising" it; and he certainly never pretended that he was engaged in "realizing" it. He simply thought that, as a political philosopher with a superior vision of the ideal, he might prudently influence the politics of his time toward somewhat more humane ends. He failed utterly, as we know, and paid for his failure with his life. But he was not at all surprised that he failed, nor was he shocked to discover the price of his failure. A less utopian statesman than the author of *Utopia* it is hard to find. And yet there was not an ounce of cynicism in him. His nobility of character consisted precisely in the fact that, even as he could imagine the world as it might be, he could also live and work in the world as it was, trying to edge the latter ever so slightly toward the former, but experiencing no sour disillusionment at his ultimate lack of success. Such a perfect combination of detachment from the world, and simultaneous attachment to it, is as exemplary as it is rare.

After Sir Thomas More, we are in the modern era, the era of utopian-*ism*. By utopian*ism* I mean that frame of mind which asserts that utopias are *ideals to be realized*—to be realized in deed and not merely in words, in historical time and not merely in the timelessness of speculative thought. This conception of utopia is so familiar to us, and so congenial to us, that when *we* call someone "utopian" we mean no more than that he is unduly optimistic about the time necessary to achieve the ideal, or perhaps unduly enthusiastic about his particular version of the ideal. The notion that a utopia is an ideal to be realized does not strike us as inherently unreasonable—we ask only that men be not *too* exigent in demanding their perfect society here and now. *That*, we say, is to be "utopian." In contrast, the ancients tell us that to demand a perfect society in the foreseeable future is to be mad; while to expect a perfect society to exist at all, at any time, is to be utopian. By the standards of the ancients, the modern era and its modern societies are suffused with quite unreasonable expectations, and have therefore an equally unreasonable attitude toward political reality. We confuse words with deeds, philosophical dreams with the substantial actualities of human existence. And, of course, the ancients anticipated that from such a dire confusion only disaster could result.

Just how it happened that the utopian mode of thought emerged so strongly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is something that our historians can only partially explain. Perhaps we ought not to demand more than partial explanations from them—such a mutation of the human spirit is, one might say, as inexplicable as

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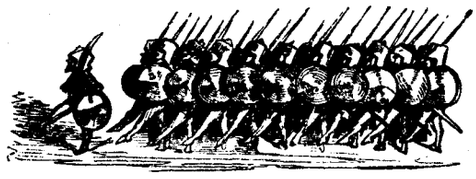
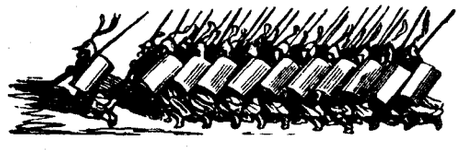
it was unpredictable. Still, it does seem clear that certain identifiable trends of thought, all in their different ways, contributed to the event. These trends can be identified as millenarianism, rationalism, and what Professor Hayek calls "scientism."

Millenarianism is an intrinsic aspect of the Judeo-Christian tradition, and without it there would be no such thing as the *history* of Western civilization, as distinct from the *chronicles* of Western peoples. It is from the millenarian perspective that both Judaism and Christianity derive their very special sense of history as a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end—a conception of historical time that is not to be found in Oriental thought, which seeks and finds ultimate perfection only in a denial of time's meaning, and in a transcendence of time by the contemplative and withdrawn individual. The dynamics of Western civilization are organically linked to this profound belief in "the end of time" as a prospective historical event. This belief always created immense problems for the religious authorities, and church and synagogue responded with efforts to impose reasonable limitations upon this millennial expectation. In both Judaism and Christianity those who attempted to "hasten the end," whether through magic or politics, were defined as heretics and were expelled from the religious community. This expulsion did not prevent such heresies from bubbling up, again and again—but the Church did contain them, or even assimilate them (as in the case of the Franciscan movement), for more than a thousand years. In the sixteenth century, however, as religious authority fragmented under the impact of what we call the Reformation, these millennial expectations overflowed, and have never been entirely subdued since. What we now call the "prophetic" element in Judaism and Christianity became the intellectually and even popularly dominant element. Indeed, in the United States today you can claim prophetic status and justify any excess of prophetic fervor on the basis of nothing more than an introductory course in sociology.

What makes modern millenarianism so powerful—one is tempted to say irresistible—is its association with modern scientific rationalism and modern technology. Scientific rationalism also emerges in the sixteenth century, persuading us that reality can be fully comprehended by man's abstract reason, and that therefore whatever exists should be capable of being rationally explained in a clear and consequential way. As applied to all social institutions, this came to mean—it is, indeed, the essential meaning of that period we call the Englightenment—that existing institutions could be legitimized only by reason: not by tradition, not by custom, not even by the fact that they seemed to be efficacious in permitting men to lead decent lives, but only by reason. It was against this mode of thought, an inherently radical-utopian mode of thought, that Edmund Burke polemicized so magnificently. It was against this radical-utopian temper that modern conservatism emerges. Modern conservat*ism* found it necessary to argue what had always been previously assumed by all reasonable men: that institutions which have existed over a long period of time have a reason and a purpose inherent in them, a collective wisdom incarnate in them, and the fact that we don't perfectly understand or cannot perfectly explain why they "work" is no defect in them but merely a limitation in us. Most ordinary people, most of the time, intuitively feel the force of this conservative argument. But these same ordinary people are defenseless intellectually against the articulate and aggressive rationalism of our intellectual class—and this explains why, when modern men do rebel against the unreasonableness of modern rationalism they are so likely to take refuge in some form of irrationalism. The twentieth-century phenomenon of fascism is an expression of exactly such an exasperated and irrational rebelliousness against the tyranny—actual or prospective—of a radical-utopian rationalism.



But neither millenarianism nor rationalism would, by itself, have been able to sustain the utopian temper had it not been for the advent of modern technology, with its large promise of human control over human distiny. There is nothing dreamlike about technology: it works—and because it works, it gives plausibility to the notion that modern man is uniquely in the position of being able to convert his idealized dreams into tangible reality. It also gives plausibility to the notion that, because the development of technology—of man's control over both nature and man—is progressive, therefore human history itself can be defined as progressive, as leading us from an imperfect human condition to a perfected one. The ancient Hebrews, the Greeks, the Christians, all felt that there was a diabolical aspect to the power of technology; they saw no reason to think that men



would always use this power wisely, and thought it quite probable that we would use it for destructive ends. But modern technology, emerging in a context of millenarian aspirations and rationalist metaphysics, was not bothered—at least not until recently—by such doubts. Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* is the first truly modern utopia—a society governed by scientists and technologists which, it is clear, Bacon thought could easily exist in fact, and which he proposed as a very possible and completely desirable future.

As one looks back over these past centuries, the wonder is not that there has been so much change and tumult, but rather that there has been so much stability. The main currents of modern thought are all subversive of social stability—and yet, the bourgeois-liberal societies of the last two hundred years managed somehow to keep triumphantly afloat. They did this, essentially, by diffusing power throughout the body politic so that the utopian spirit was constantly being moderated by the need to compromise various interests, various enthusiasms, and even various utopian visions. No modern liberal society has failed to express its faith in the potential of science and technology to radically improve the human condition. No modern liberal society has failed to insist that its institutions are created by—and legitimated by—human reason, rather than by mere tradition or custom, and certainly not by divine revelation. And no modern liberal society has ever explicitly rejected the utopian goals and the utopian rhetoric which are spawned by the millenarian spirit. These goals and this rhetoric, indeed, are by now clichés: "a world without war," "a world without poverty," "a world without hate"—in short, a world without any of the radical imperfections that have hitherto characterized every world actually inhabited by man. But what rendered these beliefs less explosive than, in their pure form, they are, was the liberal individualism that bourgeois society insisted they accommodate themselves to. In short, what made bourgeois society so viable was the *domestication* of modern utopianism by liberal individualism.

It was a viability, however, that was always open to question. The trouble with living in a bourgeois society which has domesticated its utopian spirit is that nothing is permitted to go wrong—at least very wrong, for very long. In all premodern societies, a mood of stoicism permeated the public and private spheres. Life is hard, fortune is fickle, bad luck is more likely than good luck, and a better life is more probable after death than before. Such stoicism does not easily cohabit with the progressive spirit, which anticipates that things naturally will and *ought* to get better. When they don't—when you are defeated in a war, or when you experience a major malfunctioning of your economic system, then you are completely disoriented. Bourgeois society is morally and intellectually unprepared for calamity. Calamity, on the other, is always ready for bourgeois society—as it has always been ready, or always will be ready, for every other society that has existed or will exist.

When calamity strikes, it is never the utopian temper that is brought into question—that is literally an unimaginable possibility—but rather the liberal individual polity in which this temper has been housed. At such a moment, indeed, the utopian spirit flares up in anger, and declares, in the immortal words of the nineteenth-century French utopian socialist, Etienne Cabet, "Nothing is impossible for a government that *wants* the good of its citizens." This sentiment expresses neatly what might be called the *collectivist imperative* which always haunts bourgeois-liberal society—and which can never be entirely exorcised, since it derives from the utopian world view that all modern societies share. Once it is assumed that history itself works toward progressive improvement, and that we have the understanding and the power to guide this historical dynamic toward its fruition—once such assumptions are made, it is only a matter of time before the state

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is held responsible for everything that is unsatisfactory in our condition. There is, after all, nothing else that could be held responsible.

Having made that statement, I must quickly modify it. For more than a century, bourgeois-liberal society *did* have one powerful inner check upon its utopian impulses, and that was the "dismal science" of economic theory. Classical economic theory insisted that, even under the best of circumstances, the mass of the people could expect only small, slow increments of improvement in their condition—and, under the worst of circumstances, could anticipate an actual worsening of their condition. The cornerstone of this theory was the Malthusian hypothesis that the pressure of population among poorer people would tend to wipe out the gains of economic growth. This hypothesis was accepted by most thinking men of the nineteenth century, and helped shape a climate of opinion in which great expectations could not easily flourish, except on the margins of society where all sorts of intellectual eccentricities were naturally to be found. But the discovery by modern economists that technological innovation had rendered Malthusianism false—that increasing productivity could easily cope with population growth—removed this formidable check upon the utopian temper. Indeed, economics itself now became a discipline which constantly challenged the conventional limits of economic possibility. And in this challenge, the role of the state was crucial. Whereas it was once thought that the state had to accommodate itself, like everyone else, to the iron laws of economics, it now became common to think that the state could pretty much write the laws of economics to suit itself. Our liberation from Malthusian economics—one of the truly great intellectual accomplishments of this past century—was quickly perceived by journalists, politicians, and even many among our better-educated people as a liberation from all economic constraint. The result is that the idea that "Nothing is impossible for a government that *wants* the good of its citizens," once a radical proposition, now sounds rather conventional. I don't know that any American politician has actually said it, in so many words. But a great many politicians are strongly implying it—and it is even possible that more than a few of these politicians actually believe it.

The strength of this collectivist imperative is such that it feeds on itself—and most especially (and most significantly) on its own failures. These failures are as immense as they are obvious—and yet it is astonishing how little difference they seem to make. One would have thought that the catastrophic condition of agriculture in the Soviet Union, China, and Cuba would have brought these economies into universal disrepute. Yet no such thing has happened. These regimes are extended infinite moral and intellectual credit for their utopian ideals, and their credit ratings seem little vulnerable to their poor economic performance. Similarly, in the Western democracies, the tremendous expansion of government during these past three decades has not obviously made us a happier and more contented people. On the contrary, there is far more sourness and bitterness in our lives, public and private, than used to be the case; and these very governments, swollen to enormous size, are visibly less stable than they were. Nevertheless, the response to this state of affairs among our educated classes is to demand still more governmental intervention—on the theory that a larger dose of what should be good for us will cure the illness caused by a smaller dose of what should have been good for us. The ordinary people, whose common world always anchors them more firmly in common sense, are skeptical of such a prescription—but they have nothing to offer in its place, and will in the end have to go along with it. As someone once said, you can't beat a horse with no horse—and the collectivist ethos does seem to have the field to itself these days.

But what about the liberal-individualist ethos? Is that not today, as it was a century ago, an authentic alternative? Some eminent thinkers say it is, and I would like nothing better than to agree with them—but, in truth, I cannot. The liberal-individualist vision of society is not an abstract scheme which can be imposed on any kind of people. For it to work, it needs a certain kind of people, with a certain kind of character, and with a certain cast of mind. Specifically, it needs what David Riesman calls "inner-directed" people—people of firm moral convictions, a people of self-reliance and self-discipline, a people who do not expect the universe to be offering them something for nothing—in short, a people with a nonutopian character even if their

language is shot through with utopian clichés. The kind of person I am describing may be called the *bourgeois citizen*. He used to exist in large numbers, but now is on the verge of becoming an extinct species. He has been killed off by bourgeois prosperity, which has corrupted his character from that of a *citizen* to that of a *consumer*. One hears much about the "work ethic" these days, and I certainly appreciate the nostalgic appeal of that phrase. But the next time you hear a banker extolling the "work ethic," just ask him if he favors making installment buying illegal. When I was very young, it was understood that the only people who would buy things on the installment plan were the irresponsibles, the wastrels, those whose characters were too weak to control their appetites. "Save now, buy later," is what the work ethic used to prescribe. To buy now and pay later was the sign of moral corruption—though it is now the accepted practice of our affluent society. A people who have mortgaged themselves to the hilt are a dependent people—and ultimately they will look to the state to save them from bankruptcy. The British have a wonderful colloquial phrase for installment purchasing—they call it buying on "the never-never." The implication is that through this marvelous scheme you enter a fantasy world where nothing is denied you, and where the settling of all accounts is indefinitely postponed. This is a consumer's utopia—and more and more, it is as such a consumer's utopia that our bourgeois society presents itself to its people.

The transformation of the bourgeois citizen into the bourgeois consumer has dissolved that liberal-individualist framework which held the utopian impulses of modern society under control. One used to be encouraged to control one's appetites—now one is encouraged to satisfy them without delay. The inference is that one has a *right* to satisfy one's appetites without delay—and when this "right" is frustrated, as it always is in some way or other, an irritated populace turns to the state to do something about it. All this is but another way of saying that twentieth-century capitalism itself, in its heedless emphasis on economic growth and ever-increasing prosperity, incites ever more unreasonable expectations, in comparison with which the actuality of the real world appears ever more drab and disconcerting. It doesn't matter what economic growth is actually acheived, or what improvements are effected—they are all less than satisfying. Ours is a world of promises, promises—and in such a world everyone, to some degree or another, automatically feels deprived.

Let me give you an illustration that, I think, makes the point nicely. The historic rate of growth of the American economy, over the past century and a half, has averaged about 2.5 percent a year. By historic standards, this is a fantastic and unprecedented achievement—it means that the national income doubles every twenty-eight years. But is this a source of gratification to us? Do we go around complimenting ourselves on doing so well? One can answer these questions by asking another: What if the president of the United States were to declare tomorrow that it was his firm intention to sustain this rate of growth of 2.5 percent a year? What would be the reaction? I think one can safely say that most Americans would think he was being pretty niggardly and mean-spirited. And there would be no shortage of politicians who would point out that 3 percent was really a much nicer number, and 5 percent nicer still. Does anyone doubt that they would be listened to? The proof that they would be is the fact that no president, in our lifetime, is going to mention that 2.5 percent figure—it's too *real* a number, and is therefore offensive to our inflamed political sensibilities.

But one cannot continue in a condition in which reality is always offending our expectations. That is an unnatural condition, and sooner or later people will be seeking relief from it. Oddly enough, even though utopianism gives rise to the collectivist impulse, the collectivist state seems to be one way in which the fires of utopianism are dampened. The institutionalism of utopianism is itself an answer to utopianism. Thus the Christian Church had its origins in a utopian impulse, but the Church then functioned to control and pacify this impulse. The Church solved the problem of the Second Coming by announcing that it had already happened, and that the Church itself was its living testimony. Similarly, in Russia and China today, the regimes of these nations, born out of secular messianism, announce that there is no further need for messianism since their states are its incarnation of the here and now, and there is nothing further to be messianic about. This

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gives these regimes a double attraction to many people in the West: they affirm utopianism while offering a deliverance from it. This explains what is at first sight a paradox: the fact that so many of our Western intellectuals will simultaneously follow a utopian thinker like Herbert Marcuse in denouncing the bourgeois status quo and at the same time praise Maoist China or Soviet Russia where Marcuse's works are forbidden to be published. Indeed, Marcuse himself is involved in this paradox. The paradox dissolves, however, if one realizes that the utopian impulse in the end must actively seek its own liquidation—because it is impossible to sustain indefinitely; the psychological costs become too great. Utopianism dreams passionately of a liberation from all existing orthodoxies—religious, social, political—but, sooner or later, it must wearily and gratefully surrender to a new orthodoxy which calms its passions even as it compromises its dreams. The interesting question is whether the various emerging forms of collectivist orthodoxies in our time have the spiritual resources to establish a new order in which men can achieve some kind of human fulfillment. The evidence, so far, is that they do not—they seem to be morally and intellectually bankrupt from the outset. Marxism may be the official religion of Russia and China, but it is a religion without theologians—there isn't a Marxist philosopher worthy of the name in either country—and it is a religion whose holy scriptures, the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, are unread by the masses. These orthodoxies are sustained *only* by coercion—which means they are pseudo-orthodoxies, exuding an odor of boredom which is also the odor of decay.

Where does that leave us—we who inhabit the "free world"—the post-bourgeois bourgeois world? It leaves us, I should say, with a dilemma—but a dilemma which is also an opportunity. The opportunity is simply the opportunity of taking thought, of reflecting upon our condition, of trying to understand how we got where we are. This does not sound like much—and yet it is much, much more than it sounds. For the real antidote to utopianism is a self-conscious understanding of utopianism. A utopianism which knows itself to be utopian is already on the way to denying itself, because it has already made that first, crucial distinction between dream and reality. And once that distinction is made—as it was made in classical, premodern philosophy—both the legitimacy of the dream and the integrity of reality can be preserved.

The modern world, and the crisis of modernity we are now experiencing, was created by ideas, and by the passions which these ideas unleashed. To surmount this crisis, without destroying the modern world itself, will require new ideas—or new versions of old ideas—that will regulate these passions and bring them into a more fruitful and harmonious relation with reality. I know that it will be hard for some to believe that ideas can be so important. This underestimation of ideas is a peculiarly bourgeois fallacy, especially powerful in that most bourgeois of nations, our own United States. For two centuries, the very important people who managed the affairs of this society could not believe in the importance of ideas—until one day they were shocked to discover that their children, having been captured and shaped by certain ideas, were either rebelling against their authority or seceding from their society. The truth is that ideas are *all*-important. The massive and seemingly solid institutions of any society—the economic institutions, the political institutions, the religious institutions—are always at the mercy of the ideas in the heads of the people who populate these institutions. The leverage of ideas is so immense that a slight change in the intellectual climate can and will—perhaps slowly, but nevertheless inexorably—twist a familiar institution into an unrecognizable shape. If one looks at the major institutions of American society today—the schools, the family, the business corporation, the federal government—we can see this process going on before our eyes.

But just as it is ideas that alienate us from our world, so it is ideas which can make us at home in the world—which can permit us to envision the world as a "homely" place, where the practice of ordinary virtues in the course of our ordinary lives can indeed fulfill our potential as human beings. In such a world, dreams complement reality instead of being at war with it. The construction of such a world is the intellectual enterprise that most needs encouragement and support today. It will, on the surface, look like a mere academic enterprise, involving as it does a reexamination and fresh understanding of our intellectual and spiritual history. But such a reexamination and fresh understanding is always the sign that a reformation is beginning to get under way. And a reformation of modern utopianism, I think we will all agree, is what we are most desperately in need of. Only such a reformation can bring us back to that condition of sanity, to that confident acceptance of reality, which found expression in Lord Macaulay's tart rejoinder to Francis Bacon: "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." □

The above essay has been adapted from a lecture given at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

Arnold Beichman

Parties in the Age of Watergate

IT TAKES WISHFUL thinking and a lack of historical perspective to conclude, as many people have, that Watergate happened because a handful of terribly ordinary people mistook themselves for philosopher-kings. A bit more honesty or reflection would point to a long-term subversion of professional political tradition, which merely culminated in Watergate. This subversion has been the piecemeal alteration of our constitutional system, over a period of many years, from one of separate institutions—president, Congress, the courts—sharing powers to a system of all-power-to-the-people participatory, communitarian democracy in which power would run directly to the president in the name of the People. In other words, President Nixon and his White House *camarilla* were exploiting for their purposes what had become the favorite design of New Left politics. This is not to blame the New Left for Watergate. It is to indicate that, as so often has happened since the Bolshevik Revolution, the differences between the so-called Left and Right may not be differences at all.

In actual fact, our constitutional system depends for its successful functioning on a fourth institution which has no constitutional existence: political parties. The most famous of the *Federalist Papers*, No. 10, inveighed against them, reflecting the Washington-Madison-Hamilton animosity toward parties as "factions." Yet when it came to the realities of governing "the first new nation" and assuring an orderly transfer of power from an incumbent administration to a victorious political party in opposition, the Founding Fathers substituted experience for ideology. They "constitutionalized" political parties and thus avoided the excesses of plebiscitary democracy and, in Aaron Wildavsky's phrase (*Commentary*, August, 1973), a "plebiscitary Presidency." President Nixon attempted to deconstitutionalize the party system by transforming both political parties into a presidential appanage; he almost succeeded. Not only did he ignore the Republican Party *qua* party and actively oppose candidates of his own party—other presidents have done the same thing in greater or lesser degree—but he also sought something different: to bring about nonparty government through the creation of a "presidential party" organized along personalist lines.

The Watergate mafia sought not only to delegitimize the Democratic Party, it sought to delegitimize the Republican Party as well. Previous presidents have had their troubles with the party system, but the exigencies of war-making and foreign-policy crises probably discouraged FDR, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson from engaging in any remaking of the parties. (President Eisenhower left the parties alone because, with Senator Lyndon Johnson as leader of the loyal opposition, there was no need to combat them.) It is no coincidence at all that the Nixon campaign to establish nonparty government came with the ending of the Vietnam War and the

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waning need for bipartisan support to prosecute that war.

The antipolitics of the Nixon Administration reveals a sad ignorance of how a large, powerful, and democratic country should be run. Without the mediation, the brokerage, of organized political parties, a stable American polity becomes difficult to obtain. Political parties exist to take the heat off elected representatives, to make possible a Burkean relationship between voter and legislator; they exist to negotiate with clamant pressure groups whose power they measure not by decibel output but by vote input. In a heterogeneous society, parties are administered by politicians or, as Mayor Lindsay called them quite accurately, "power brokers." New York City is ungovernable for many reasons, not least of which is the debilitation of political parties, a process which began with Fiorello H. La Guardia (in his three mayoral campaigns, he ran under nine different party labels) and reached its climax with Mayor Lindsay, who couldn't run for reelection in 1973 under any party label.

The weakening or even disintegration of effective (not responsible) political parties leads to instability if not to ungovernability of a democratic polity because it removes from the political process an unideological organized interest group capable of brokering for ideological "single-issue" interest groups. In other words, as politician-brokers, parties are compromisers, trimmers, sell-out artists, amoralists, what you will; they are not however, rule-or-ruin ideologues. In a democratic society, ideological politics are no politics at all. In the 1972 elections the Nixon Administration came closer than any administration in history to producing an end of politics. It was a process furthered considerably by the McGovern campaign, which dismantled the Democratic Party in favor of a personalist machine. Is it not striking that none of the Watergate conspirators could be described as a professional politician? The Haldemans and the Ehrlichmans thought that the United States could be run "scientifically," without politics; they have since learned better.

As he nears the end of his long political career President Nixon finds himself alone with few enthusiastic supporters even in what would be called his own Party. In whose political-party interest is it that President Nixon should succeed? What 1974 GOP candidate for Congress or governor—particularly in a tight race—will seek a Nixon endorsement or a Nixon campaign appearance in a local constituency? A president who tries to take on everybody, including political allies in his own Party, ends up crippled, unless he has the temperament and the *apparat* of a Stalin. Nixon has neither, although he did seek his own version of a "one-party" state.

Watergate is not an historical accident. It is not merely something for senators and newspapers to examine to insure that it does not happen again. Watergate has made it clear to political parties that they should never again be so weakened as to become superfluous to politics. This is not a call for the return of powerful political bosses like Mark Hanna or Boies Penrose, or (shiver, shiver) political machines like Tammany. (Is New York a better place to live in since the fall of Tammany?) It is a call to realize that political parties are not some luxury which we can do without. Parties are also part of the checks-and-balances system. Watergate has shown how ethically corrupt politics without parties can become. □

Abram N. Shulsky

Impeachment: Pushing Against an Open Door

THE AMERICAN Constitution has been widely and rightfully regarded as one of the most impressive documents in the long and predominantly sad history of man's attempts to govern himself with at least some decency and humanity. After the initial period of revolutionary enthusiasm had passed, at a time when one might expect the revolutionary regime either to fall back into its old habits and patterns, or to degenerate into a tyranny, the Founding Fathers were able to deliberate upon, construct, and defend before a skeptical people a sophisticated system of government incorporating the "new discoveries" of a greatly improved "science of politics" as well as a high degree of political prudence.

One of these discoveries, whose perfection was due to the "great improvements" in the science of politics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was "the regular distribution of power into distinct departments," or the separation of powers (see Publius, *The Federalist*, No. 9 for the importance of these "new discoveries"). Accordingly, the Founders wished to protect the independence of each branch of government while at the same time guaranteeing that no branch of government was in a position to abuse its constitutional powers or extend them beyond their proper limits. In particular, the Founders were concerned to create a strong chief executive who would be able to withstand the usurpations of power that might be expected to proceed from a popularly elected legislature in a country which had recently completed a successful revolution against King George III.

The Founders may have been more sensitive to this problem than many of their countrymen—at any rate, the Antifederalists found it convenient to argue against the proposed Constitution on the grounds that it created a monarch in the person of the president; nevertheless, the result of the ratification process seemed to show an agreement with the point that Jefferson had made several years earlier in the *Notes on Virginia*: "The concentrating [all the powers of government, legislative, executive, and judiciary] in the same hands [i.e., those of the legislature] is precisely the definition of despotic government. . . . An *elective despotism* was not the government we fought for, but one which should not only be founded on free principles, but in which the powers of government should be so divided and balanced among several bodies of magistracy, as that no one could transcend their legal limits, without being effectually checked and restrained by the others" (Koch & Peden eds., *The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson* [New York: Modern Library, n.d.], p. 237).

But the creation of a strong chief executive required, in keeping with the republican "genius" of the American people, a constitutional provision whereby the community could be protected from the possible misuse of the great powers placed in the hands of one man. Despite some discussion in the Constitutional Convention that the necessity of the president to seek reelection after four years was a sufficient guarantee against his misconduct, there seemed to be general agreement that some impeachment procedure was necessary.

The impeachment inquiry staff of the House Judiciary Committee has a rare opportunity to continue the work of the Founders by delineating an impeachment standard which would preserve the independence of the presidency as well as protect the community against possible misuses of presidential power. Unfortunately, if we may judge by their report (U.S. House of Representatives, 93rd Congress, 2nd Session, Committee on the Judiciary, *Report by the Staff of the Impeachment Inquiry*, "Constitutional Grounds for Presidential Impeachment," hereafter cited as *Staff Report*), they seem to approach their task in a partisan spirit and to regard themselves as in the service of those who wish to impeach the President, for whatever reason, and from whatever motive.

These harsh charges should sound incredible but they emerge from a critical examination of the report. It quotes out of context, uses dubious historical analogies, and at times simply ignores inconvenient facts. It is a brief, and a rather unscholarly one at that, rather than an attempt to reach a full understanding of the impeachment process as intended by the Founders. Its primary conclusion that an impeachable offense need not be an indictable offense is perhaps sound. (Indeed, as the staff notes, before 1863 bribery was not a federal crime for civil officers other than judges. But it must have been an impeachable offense nonetheless, since it is specifically mentioned in the Constitution as a "high crime and misdemeanor.") But the arguments by which it reaches that conclusion are unsound, and raise suspicion as to where the staff is really headed.

Some examples of the staff's procedure

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are in order. In explicating the phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors," which the Constitutional Convention added to "treason and bribery" as grounds for impeachment, the report has reference to Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and cites his definition as follows: "maladministration of such high officers, as are in public trust and employment," leaving the impression that such maladministration was not a crime in the ordinary sense of the word. What the report ignores is the context: Blackstone is here recounting the various types of misprisions, a species of crime just below treason in importance. As a type of misprision, a "high misdemeanor" is obviously a crime whose existence was known to the laws of England, and which was to be punished accordingly (Book 4 Blackstone's *Commentaries* p.*121, cf. *Staff Report*, p. 12).

Any doubts on this score could have been cleared up by a further reference in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, this time to the chapter "Of Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction." The first court listed is that of Parliament, when trying impeachments: "[as opposed to acts of Parliament to attaint particular persons of treason or felony], an impeachment before the lords by the commons of Great Britain, in parliament, is a prosecution of the *already known and established law* . . . being a presentment to the most high and supreme *court of criminal jurisdiction* by the most solemn grand inquest of the whole kingdom" (*Commentaries.*, p.*259). If the Founders had Blackstone in mind when they decided that "high crimes and misdemeanors," as well as treason and bribery, were grounds for impeachment, it is hard to see how they could have intended to include a "wide range of criminal and *non-criminal* offenses" (*Staff Report*, p. 23, emphasis supplied) as grounds for impeachment.

The report dodges this difficulty by ignoring Blackstone when his authority is inconvenient and looking instead to English practice dating back to 1386. The lesson they draw from the numerous examples of English impeachments is that the phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors" "had no roots in the ordinary criminal law" and that "the particular allegations of misconduct" under that heading were not necessarily limited to common law or statutory derelictions or crimes (*Staff Report.*, p. 7). The staff moves through 400 years of tangled precedents too quickly to be more than mildly persuasive, but what is compelling is that the staff is unaware or unconcerned with the fact that the bulk of the impeachments to which they make reference were primarily skirmishes in the seventeenth-century fight for parliamentary supremacy under the reigns of James I, Charles I, and Charles II. One cannot simply assume that they are relevant precedents for a government in which the boundary between legislative and executive power is fixed by the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. It is a chilling, but hopefully not informative, fact that the staff sees fit to cite precedents from a time of revolutionary upheaval as being in point today.

But the staff's real unconcern with the meaning of what it is saying becomes manifest in its discussion of the impeachment of President Johnson. It goes without saying that nowhere does the report suggest that the behavior of the Congress in that incident has been regarded as anything other than statesmanlike.

However, even the Radical Republican Congress seemed to be guided by the view that the President could only be impeached for violating a law of the United States. A first attempt to impeach President Johnson (before his removal of Secretary of War Stanton put him in violation of the Tenure of Office Act) was voted down by the House on the grounds that some offense known to law was a prerequisite to impeachment (Kelly & Harbison, *The American Constitution: Its Origin and Development*, 3rd edition [New York: Norton, 1963], p. 473). The report notes this earlier attempt (*Staff Report*, p. 19, n. 90) but uses it to suggest that the motives of the House were political. But whatever its motives, the House nevertheless felt it necessary to allege the actual violation of a law.

(It is true that one of the articles did not deal with the alleged violation of a law: Johnson was charged with attempting to "bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt, and reproach the Congress," by means of some political speeches he had made attacking the Radical Republicans.

Even the staff does not rely on this ludicrous precedent and contents itself with noting that the Senate adjourned the trial before reaching a vote on this article.)

The report is certainly correct in stating that the motivations of the Johnson impeachment were distinctly political, and only marginally connected with the violation of the (probably unconstitutional) Tenure of Office Act. What it does not do is evaluate this fact, or even allude to the criticism of many historians and constitutional scholars who have felt that the behavior of Congress was dangerous to the fundamental separation of powers principle of the Constitution, and that the results of a successful impeachment could have been a far-reaching change in our system of government. In any case, where the Radical Republicans feared to tread, into an impeachment not grounded on a presidential violation of the law, the staff walks in, not only unafraid, but, to all appearances, unaware as well.

Despite these shortcomings, the report does have a point: many remarks of the Founders discuss the grounds of impeachment in rather broad terms. James Madison himself, in defending the necessity of impeachment contended that: "some provision should be made for defending the community against the incapacity, negligence or perfidy of the chief magistrate. The limitation of his service was not a sufficient security" (*The Records of the Federal Convention*, Ferrand ed., vol. 2, p. 65. Hereafter cited as *Ferrand*). Yet it is the same James Madison who objects to the ground of "maladministration" as being so vague as to be "equivalent to a tenure at the pleasure of the Senate" (*Ferrand*, vol. 2, p. 550) and then acquiesces in the substitution of "other high crimes and misdemeanors," (which, in Blackstone, encompasses "maladministration"). Madison further objected to the trial of impeachments by the Senate, preferring the Supreme Court for this function. Although, for extraneous reasons, he was unable to carry the convention on this point, his preference again suggests that he thought of impeachment as a judicial procedure.

The report ignores these ambiguities, but if we wish to understand the purpose of the impeachment process, we must try to unravel them. The key appears to be that the Founders assumed that "high misdemeanors," as a species of misprisions, would be crimes under U.S. law, as they had been under English common law. As suggested in a recent law review article, "the inconsistency (between the Founders' explanations of impeachment and the language in the Constitution) may arise from the Framers' assumption that crimes could be defined and punished by common law, as they had been in England" (Note: "Vagueness in the Constitution: The Impeachment Power," 25 *Stanford Law Review* 908, 918 [1973]).

If so, the Founders assumed incorrectly, as indicated by the Supreme Court's decision in *U.S. v. Hudson and Goodwin* in 1812 (Pritchett, *The American Constitution* [New York: McGraw-Hill, 1959], p. 119). In general, American legal experience represents a development of the English tradition in the direction of a greater emphasis on the written law (as in the case of the Constitution itself), a greater tendency to restrict the judicial power to the judiciary (as witness the prohibition of bills of attainder) and, conversely, to make the judiciary more independent of the other branches of government. The absence, therefore, of a common law criminal jurisdiction in the federal courts is hardly surprising—but it does leave the impeachment clause high and dry.

The report sets up a false dichotomy: either an impeachable offense must be an indictable offense, *or* criminality is not required for impeachment. Since the ordinary statute law is not aimed at offenses only high officials can commit, and since one could not foresee all possible serious misuses of power in order to incorporate them into a criminal code of impeachable offenses the staff argues that only the second alternative is valid. In so doing, it ignores the fact that the common law was always regarded as being able to accommodate new and unforeseen cases within its basic principles, by means of extension and gradual modification.

The denial of "criminality" in any shape, manner or form as a necessary ingredient of an impeachable offense, opens the way for the staff's conclusion that "where the issue is presidential compliance with the constitutional requirements and limitations on the presidency, *the crucial factor is not the intrinsic quality of behavior* but

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the significance of its effect upon our constitutional system or the functioning of our government (*Staff Report*, p. 27, emphasis supplied). But in a government with a complicated constitutional structure, there are bound to be disagreements among the branches of government concerning their respective powers. Until now, it was generally understood that these disputes were to be settled ultimately by the Supreme Court, the electorate, and/or the amending process. Under the doctrine proposed by the staff, it would seem that Congress could determine, on the basis of its own interpretation of the boundary between legislative and judicial functions, that the President had failed to comply with the constitutional limitations of his office, and impeach him.

Ultimately, it is probably true that, as then-Representative Gerald Ford put it, an impeachable offense is whatever the House says it is. (While Ford was referring specifically to judges, whose tenure "during good behavior" might require impeachment as a more important safeguard than does the limited term of an elected official, it would seem that procedurally, at least, his dictum applies to other impeachments as well.) Nevertheless, it matters greatly in what spirit the House goes about its task of defining what constitutes an impeachable offense. If it believes that criminality is an important component of impeachability, then it will want to examine the "intrinsic quality" of the behavior in question, even if it does not feel bound to a strict standard of indictability. Otherwise, it will feel free to consider impeachable any behavior which it regards as infringing on its, or anyone else's, constitutional rights or privileges; specifically, it will be tempted to compensate for its own growing powerlessness, brought on by circumstances and its own inability to assert its will, by an increased willingness to take pot shots at the holders of the real power. Rather than take up the difficult task of reasserting its proper role in the constitutional system, will Congress indemnify itself for the emergence of an "imperial presidency" by dreaming of the Long Parliament, which, as the staff notes in wonderment and admiration, "alone impeached 98 persons"? □

The Public Policy

by Peter J. Rusthoven

On Subsidizing Hot Air

THIS SPRING, as Richard Nixon continues his struggle to stay in the White House, Congress is busily engaged in producing a bill designed to radically alter the process which elevated that worthy to the nation's highest office. In one sense, of course, this effort represents merely the latest of a seemingly endless series of repercussions from *l'affaire Watergate*—an event which, according to network historians and other dealers in instant perspective, has already passed Crédit Mobilier and Teapot Dome on the domestic scandal charts, and will soon inch ahead of Profumo-Keeler and the Dreyfus Case on the international listings. Nevertheless, this particular spinoff from the 1972 campaign break-in may well prove the most significant in terms of its lasting impact on the American political system. For Congress, spurred on by the media and by the always seductive and currently irresistible cry of "reform," is about to put the government in the business of financing federal election campaigns.

The proponents of this idea are already well on the way towards achieving their objective. The John Chancellors and Walter Cronkites have set the mood, speaking in sonorous tones of how Watergate indicates the "corrosive influence of private money on public elections." Edward Kennedy, who (rather ironically) is in the forefront of this particular battle, attaches even more cosmic significance to the results of the crusade. Indeed, in his view "most, and probably all, of the serious problems facing this country today have their roots in the way we finance political campaigns." Since Congress is seldom shy to deal with such problems, it is quite likely that by the time you read this article, public campaign financing will be the law of the land. As of this writing, the Senate has already choked off opposition debate by invoking cloture, and is now concerned mainly with deciding how big a subsidy the taxpayers should be required to furnish the candidates for the presidency. A substantial majority in the House, one suspects, will find it wise, on this one, to line up on the side of the angels. I leave it to your own political judgment to determine the number of viable options available to Richard Nixon when a bill entitled The Campaign Reform Act, or some such thing, is presented to him for signature.

In fairness, it is hardly surprising that this legislation is being pushed in the wake of what even Republican apologists concede to be a serious election scandal. Indeed, the President himself has on occasion made appropriate noises about the evils of campaign financing (perhaps figuring that any explanation of Watergate which places responsibility beyond the confines of the Oval Office can't do him any harm). And Spiro Agnew, in his farewell to the nation, laid part of the blame for his troubles on the cruel necessities of political fund raising. And the image of "fat cats" bidding for political favors at the expense of the "public interest" is hardly a popular one, even in less hysterical times.

It is unfortunate, however, that Congress seems bent on public campaign financing as this session's solution to political corruption. Like most salvationist measures, this one is being advanced with cries of "urgency" that greatly overestimate the problem it purports to "solve," but with little serious reflection on its probable impact in practice. And like most such proposals, this one will not only fail to yield the wonderful results its sponsors so confidently predict, but will have a fair number of pernicious side effects as well.

In the first place, it is hardly true, as so many seem to assume, that private contributions to political campaigns have resulted in wholesale prostitution of the democratic process. Professor Ralph K. Winter, Jr., of Yale Law School, who made a study of campaign financing for (of all people) the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, argues convincingly that this perception of American politics is largely a misconception. "Horror stories," as he puts it, "are effective because they horrify, not because they illuminate. Moreover, the abuses [that do exist] may (in fact, do) yield to remedies considerably narrower than the proposals now being made." Winter backs this view with the research conclusions of some highly prominent political scientists. For example, Alexander Heard, in *The Costs of Democracy*, points out that literally millions, and not just a wealthy few, pour money into campaign coffers—and more importantly, that among the wealthy there is no uniform "fat cat" interest group gouging the public. Rather, he says, "Big givers show up importantly in both parties and on behalf of many opposing candidates"—as anyone who is familiar with the activities of Stewart Mott, Howard Stein, or Martin Peretz can attest. Similarly, Nelson Polsby and Aaron Wildavsky reject, in *Presidential Elections*, the idea that those who do contribute, to whichever side, thereby gain significant undue influence. While conceding that money has an impact, their research led them to conclude that "in matters of great moment, when the varied interests in our society are in contention, it is doubtful whether control over money goes very far with a President."

But, one may ask, what about heavy contributors becoming ambassadors? or the ITT antitrust settlement? or the supposed milk-pricing scandal? or (shudder) Watergate itself? Several responses are in order. First, even assuming that making, say, Walter Annenberg ambassador to the Court of St. James involves a serious distortion of whatever the public interest is supposed to be in such matters, the Senate can change such results without imposing

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public campaign financing. It need only reject his appointment. As for ITT, even assuming that the settlement was a sell-out (Archibald Cox, among others, happens to think the government got a pretty good deal), whatever corporate contributions ITT made were *already* illegal. The same is true of corporate contributions from major milk producers; and in that case, if additional protection be warranted, the more logical way to curtail the impetus for corruption would be to end governmental authority to dispense such important favors in the private sector of the economy. And Watergate, so highly touted as the major reason for reform, is ironically enough the scandal least related to private financing of campaigns. The so-called excess cash explanation is faulty in that all the testimony to date indicates that the operation was planned before most of the money began rolling in. And the idea that Watergate occurred because some wealthy contributor insisted on a burglary as the price for his check to the campaign is, while highly colorful, patently absurd.

One might well argue, however, that even if the problem is overstated, would not public financing end whatever corruption does result from giving the wealthy an opportunity to buy influence? And besides, what harm would be done? The answers, I submit, are first, "not really," and second, "a great deal."

The potential efficacy of public financing is suspect for two reasons. First, as Winter suggests, "restrictions on private campaign financing will not increase the political power of the people generally but will further concentrate it in already powerful segments of the community." In other words, Walter Annenberg may no longer be able to buy his ambassadorship; but other powerful elements of the society, whose influence does not depend on direct contributions to candidates, will step into the vacuum. In this regard, it is interesting to note that unions and the media, particularly the latter, are among the biggest advocates of public financing. The average citizen can, at present, give money to a candidate; he can hardly hope, however, to own a network or run a labor union. The second argument against the potential effectiveness of public financing is that, surprisingly enough, it may actually encourage corruption. In Puerto Rico, where public financing was tried, evidence indicated that political parties, after exhausting the allotted subsidy, resorted to extorting money from government employees and other happy activities in an effort to get the edge on the opposition.

But the problem is not merely that public financing will fail to achieve its stated objectives; it will also seriously erode both the system's potential to respond to the electorate and the personal political freedom of the individual. Once a candidate knows that his campaign will receive a set amount of funds from the government, an important barometer of his appeal to the voters is immediately removed. Neither he nor his party has the same incentive, or the same opportunity, to learn, prior to election day, which issues are most important to the electorate. Moreover, public financing threatens the continued vitality of third parties and other minority political organizations. A two-way split up of the public fund would of course destroy all but Republicans and Democrats. An equal division among all who wished to run for office would be completely unworkable. A percentage division based on past electoral performance would not only freeze out new political movements, but would tend to preserve a particular division of influence among existing parties. Public financing, in short, would eliminate a major source of citizen feedback, limit the number of options presented to the voters, and lead to general stagnation among the options that remained.

Finally, consider the position of the individual citizen. He is told either that he can no longer contribute to the candidate or party of his choice, or that his right to do so must be limited. Conversely, he can no longer refrain from contributing, for he is told that his earnings will be used to sponsor the campaigns of those with whom he may violently disagree. He is told that the reason his freedom must be thus curtailed is that he is a gullible sort. He cannot be trusted to discern when a party or candidate has become the creature of special interests, and hence the nation cannot rely on his ability to vote the corrupt out of office. And he is told, ultimately, that democracy will simply not work if left to the citizens; the powerful will be able to buy what they want, while the less wealthy will be gulled into electing those who have the most money with which to purchase their votes.

To believe that private money doesn't cause some political corruption is naive. But to believe that this corruption is so pervasive that it is responsible for most, if not all, of the nation's serious problems, or that setting up the government in the campaign funding business will solve such problems, is another and more dangerous form of naïveté. In the current atmosphere, however, one fears that the latter viewpoint will determine public policy. The pack is on the prowl for public campaign financing, and in such situations, its wishes are seldom denied. □

Harold Demsetz

Searching for the New Industrial State

J. K. Galbraith's views have been examined in various aspects, particularly in regard to the consistency and epistemology of his views and the soundness of the social prescriptions that he offers. Very little effort, however, has been devoted to a search for the new industrial state. Does this fabled and well-advertised land actually exist? The absence of any serious attempt to document the existence of the new industrial state partly is attributable to Galbraith's lively prose which seldom tolerates a cleanly stated testable hypothesis. Anyone attempting to validate Galbraith's discovery is forced in the main to deal with vague propositions such as the claim that the technostructure seeks nothing less than the "panoply of organization interests—security and autonomy of organization, growth, . . . technical achievement, public prestige, as well as profits" (J.K. Galbraith, "Economics as a System of Belief," *American Economic Review* [Vol. 60, No. 2, May, 1970], p. 473). But Galbraith's views are not completely immune to study, and this is a report of an attempt to verify empirically two important characteristics of the new industrial state.*

There does exist in Galbraith's work one concisely stated hypothesis. Perhaps this exception to Galbraith's style is due to the origin of the hypothesis, which, as Galbraith acknowledges, is attributable to others, such as William J. Baumol. This hypothesis states that technostructure-oriented firms sacrifice profits in order to accelerate growth of sales. This "sales maximization" hypothesis is accepted quite explicitly by Galbraith. "Once the safety of the technostructure is insured by a minimum level of earnings, there is then a measure of choice as to goals. Nothing is so compelling as the need to survive. However, there is little doubt as to how, overwhelmingly, this choice is exercised: It is to achieve the greatest possible rate of corporate growth as measured in sales" (J.K. Galbraith, *The New Industrial Industrial State* [Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1967], p. 171).

A second hypothesis about the behavior of technostructure-oriented firms is the desire of various echelons of management to prevent the disruption of the firm's plans. This hypothesis is more purely Galbraithian and also considerably less concise. The problem that instability creates for the fulfillment of plans is discussed several times in *The New Industrial State*:

"Control of prices is for a purpose—for the security of the technostructure and to allow it to plan. But price control does little to advance these goals unless there is also control over the amounts that are bought and sold at these prices. Security, growth and effective planning would be jeopardized by erratic or unpredictable price behavior. But these would equally be frustrated by a decision by the public not to buy at the controlled prices. . . . So, intimately intertwined with the need to control

*The complete study on which this summary report is based can be found in *Economic Inquiry*, March, 1974.

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prices is the need to control what is sold at those prices" (p. 199–200).

"Advertising and its related arts thus help develop the kind of man the goals of the industrial system require—one that reliably spends his income and works reliably because he is always in need of more" (p. 210).

"The relationship of the technostructure of the mature corporation to the state is the same. The state is strongly concerned with the stability of the economy. And with its expansion and growth. . . . These are *the* national goals. . . . All have their counterpart in the needs and goals of the technostructure. It requires stability in demand for its planning. . . . The practical manifestation of this process is to be seen most clearly in defense procurement. . . . the Department of Defense supports . . . the most highly developed planning in the industrial system. It provides contracts of long duration. . . . There is no risk of price fluctuations. There is full protection against any change in requirements, i.e., any change in demand" (p. 309–10).

In order to ascertain the validity of these descriptions of the behavior of management in the new industrial state, it is necessary to measure the degree to which firms or industries achieve these two managerial goals in comparison with the degree to which these firms or industries are likely to be guided by the imperatives of modern technology. If more technostructure-oriented managements achieve these goals in greater degree than other managements, then Galbraith's views will have found some confirmation. But if no correlation, or if a perverse correlation is discovered, then there is evidence against the existence of the new industrial state.

A reading of Galbraith's work provides guidance for measuring the degree to which managements are technostructure-oriented. The modern technology that gives power to the technostructure finds its source in the extensive use of capital. Capital-intensive techniques of production bring about longer managerial planning horizons. An important objective of the management of technostructure-oriented firms is the attempt to keep these plans from going awry. This attempt is generally successful. Success is guaranteed by the ability of such firms to control demand through the use of advertising expenditures and by their power to control prices. It is not quite clear whether Galbraith attributes this power to control important market dimensions to the sheer size of firms or to the structure of the industry. When discussing the sales maximization policy, he seems to stress the absolute size of the firm and its advertising expenditures, but when discussing the attainment of stability, Galbraith seems to emphasize the structure of the industry (i.e., the degree to which an industry's output is concentrated in a few firms) and advertising intensity. This difference in emphasis can be given a rationale. When a firm attempts to sacrifice profits for additional sales, its management is in conflict with the interests of shareholders. But, given Galbraith's view, shareholders exercise less control in the case of large firms because ownership is more dispersed into many small holdings of thousands of shareholders. Hence, absolute size seems the appropriate thing to emphasize when discussing the sales maximization hypothesis. But when discussing the ability of firms to control price and to prevent other firms from upsetting the applecart, Galbraith, as would many economists, seems to emphasize the oligopolistic structure of some industries.

It is important to recognize Galbraith's chain of causation. Capital-intensive production gives rise to long-run planning. The use of such planning creates a demand for stability. Stability is achieved through size, advertising, and industrial concentration. Technostructure-orientation reduces instability but such orientation is *not* created by instability. It is *not* the case that unstable industries give rise to capital intensive techniques which in turn lead to a successfully met demand for stability. Thus agriculture is not technostructure-oriented although Galbraith views it as an unstable industry. We can safely judge Galbraith to be saying that technostructure-oriented firms or industries achieve greater stability than nontechnostructure-oriented firms or industries, and not that "technostructures" seek out unstable industries.

A set of firms thought by Galbraith to be especially subjugated to the imperatives of modern technology, and admirably equipped to pursue these imperatives successfully, are firms that inhabit the defense industries. According to Galbraith, products and planning processes are so long-run and complex in these industries that the Department of Defense must rely on these firms for advice and must support them in fulfilling their plans. It is not quite clear whether this means that these firms are in the best position to avoid instability in their fortunes, or that these firms can best maximize sales at the expense of profits, or both, although there seems to be some emphasis given by Galbraith to the avoidance of instability.

The problem is to relate these identifying characteristics of technostructure-oriented firms—capital intensive methods of production, extensive use of advertising, oligopolistic industry structure, large firm size, and significant defense output—to the two goals of the technostructure—stability of operations and sales maximization.

The hypothesis which claims that technostructure-oriented firms achieve greater stability in their operations can be tested by comparing indexes of stability in operations to indexes of technostructure-orientation, and a determination can be made as to whether there is a significant tendency for the indexes to move in the same direction, greater stability being associated with greater technostructure-orientation.

The primary quantity adopted to measure stability is employment in an industry. Stability is measured in essentially two ways—year to year percentage fluctuations in an industry's employment, and fluctuations in an industry's employment about a trend in employment. These measures of stability are then compared to measures of advertising intensity, capital intensity, the importance of defense sales, and the percentage of industry output produced by the four largest firms in the industry. Each of 375 industries is associated with particular values of these variables over the period 1958 to 1970. A statistical comparison of these values reveals whether or not technostructure-orientation is positively correlated with greater stability of employment.

The results fail to support Galbraith's notions about the operation of a modern economic system. Statistically, the most significant index of technostructure-orientation turned out to be the four firm concentration ratio, but this index was perversely related to stability. Contrary to Galbraith's notions, the more oligopolistic the industry the less stable was industry employment. Advertising intensity and percentage of output going to the military were not correlated to industry stability. In thirteen out of eighteen opportunities (the number of opportunities being determined by the number of different ways of measuring stability), the capital-intensity index of technostructure-orientation was unrelated to industry stability.

The sales maximization hypothesis is tested by examining the relationship of indexes of a firm's technostructure-orientation to a measure of the firm's tradeoff between sales and profits. This tradeoff is measured here by the difference (DIF) between the average annual growth rate of sales and the average annual rate of return on equity over the period 1958-1970. If it is assumed that in general the same profit opportunities confront technostructure-oriented firms and firms that are not technostructure-oriented, then we should expect technostructure firms to experience higher sales growth rates relative to profit rates if Galbraith is correct. A positive correlation between DIF and indexes of technostructure-orientation for a sample of firms would provide Galbraith with confirmatory evidence.

The sample used in the analysis contains seventy firms, of which thirty were members of the *Fortune* Top 200 in terms of sales in 1970 and also in the Top 500 in 1958. These thirty firms ranked high in

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You now hold the most corpulent issue of *The Alternative* ever printed. And—even better—it is our last until fall. It will not be until September when you again experience that mortifying moment when, with a lubricous wink, the postman hands you your monthly issue. Every summer I retire to my estate there to reflect on the year's momentous events, wondering what it all means, where it is all going to end, and if Teddy Kennedy has ever considered giving up cocktails for bonbons. Such philosophical roadwork generally leads to issues that are better than ever—and as more than one wag has said, how could they get worse? Actually I already have some ideas for our October issue, and if I can remember them long enough to have someone else carry them out we ought to have some superb articles next year. For instance just the other day I was weighing whatever happened to the good old days when suicide still had some meaning? Maybe I could get John Dean to write for us? —RET

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defense output and/or advertising expenditures. The remaining forty firms were chosen randomly. Measurements were made for each firm to determine the degree to which it was technostructure-oriented and these indexes were then compared to values of DIF.

Since the firms in the sample varied in the values of the indexes of technostructure-orientation, it was possible to ascertain whether larger tradeoffs of profits for sales growth were associated with greater technostructure-orientation. Three statistical experiments in search of such a relationship were made with these data. First, all seventy firms in the sample were used. Secondly, only those sixty-seven firms earning positive profits were used. Thirdly, only those forty-one firms earning profit rates of 10 percent or more were included. Since the Galbraith-Baumol sales maximization hypothesis requires that firms earn a minimum acceptable (to shareholders) profit rate before they trade off additional profits to gain additional sales, the third experiment would seem most relevant.

None of these experiments yielded results consistent with the Galbraith-Baumol sales maximization hypothesis. Not one of the indexes measuring technostructure-orientation was significantly related to DIF in the direction of relationship suggested by Galbraith. Only advertising expenditures and firm size turned out to be significantly related to DIF in some of these experiments but the direction of this relationship was the opposite of that which is required to provide confirmatory evidence of Galbraith's ideas. Greater advertising expenditures or larger firm size were associated with lower values of the index measuring the degree to which profits were traded off for sales growth. These experiments offered twenty-four chances for confirmatory evidence, and a few such confirmations could have been expected to arise by pure chance. But none did.

The only conclusion permitted by this investigation is that Galbraith's notions are remarkably consistent in their inability to find confirmation. These negative results confirm other testing of Galbraith's views that I presented at the 1969 meetings of the American Economic Association. For example, I there reported a test of Galbraith's belief that:

> "Risks that would otherwise be unacceptable can be assumed in the civilian economy if they are protected by the much more nearly riskless weapons economy. . . . These advantages of the weapons competition to the industrial system could not easily be sacrificed by the industrial system" (*The New Industrial State*, p. 339). A sample of defense stocks was analyzed to see what evidence could be brought to bear on this claim. The sample contained thirteen of the top prime defense contractors for whom defense contracts accounted for over 30 percent of sales. These stocks over the period 1949–1964 offered to investors about 21 percent more risk, measured by fluctuations in year-to-year rates of return to shareholders, than did randomly selected portfolios of thirteen stocks per portfolio.

The evidence that I have been able to uncover reveals that Galbraith's work possesses to a remarkable degree one of the essential attributes of successful science—consistency. Consistency, however, is not enough. Columbus had a great deal more corroboration for his belief that he had found the Indies that Galbraith has for his discovery of the new industrial state. □

The Great American Saloon Series

by John R. Coyne, Jr.

Along the Road

Is my father in the barroom?
No, the barroom's in your father.

PERHAPS MIDDLE age is finally winning out. Or perhaps I'm finally becoming domesticated—my wife is pleased that after fourteen years of marriage I no longer call our bathroom the men's room. But whatever the reason, I spend much less time in bars than I used to.

Every now and then, however, there's a sharp flash of memory—usually during a trip—and I remember what it used to be like. The most important thing wasn't the bars themselves, but how you felt in them. And equally important, there was always a hell of a lot of time.

I remember places with greenish pickled eggs and Polish sausages in jars on the bar; beer bars with plank floors and drunken truck drivers and boys from the alfalfa plant romancing nearsighted waitresses from the local diner with Earnest Tubb and Webb Pierce and Kitty Wells on the juke box; fly-infested bars in Manhattan where old boozers with shaking hands always manage to get that first brimming morning shot up to their mouths for a quick slurp without spilling a drop; piano bars just before the Liberace and the Ebb Tide school, when every good barroom pianist sounded like Eddy Duchin or Fats Waller; bars with free popcorn or cheese or sardines to go with the beer or hot *hors d'oeuvres* to go with the martinis.

In the fifties, bars were our meeting places, our living rooms, our studies. When I arrived at Columbia at the age of sixteen, prepared for life in the big city by a careful study of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, the place to hang out in uptown Manhattan was the West End Tavern. The clientele was mixed—pensioners from the neighborhood, off-duty cops cruising for college girls, jocks who had briefly jumped the reservation, and literary types like Kerouac. The beer was still a dime a glass and there was a steam table with greasy dishes like fat barbecued short ribs that would last you for a day and a half. Sol, the semiobese owner, a refugee from somewhere east of Vienna ("Mees-tair Coyen. You gettink skinny.") measured people by some code of his own. If you passed, he let you run up a tab for as long as you wanted. Most of those tabs were eventually paid.

The talk, for most of us, was primarily about literature. This was the last great period of what we call contemporary American literature. Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Faulkner were taken very seriously, and most people modeled their prose on them. And, of course, we were all writing stories and novels.

The model for the lifestyle, however, was Hemingway, especially the Sun-Also-Rises Hemingway. There was always a Lady Brett, usually a junior league dropout or a disenchanted young wife with a nice little trust fund, sufficient to pay for the booze. The talk was flip, quick, slightly nasty, but *never* touching on things like your sex life, your family, God, how you *felt*, or how you *related*.

If you talked about those things, or if you lost your temper, or if you couldn't hold your own (certain rare people, who for some unexplained reason were perceived as inherently "nice," were always exempted from this requirement), then you were told to shove off, and through unspoken agreement found yourself an outcast in the West End.

Callow. But that's the way many people who thought of themselves as literary types in the fifties acted. Later, in the sixties, it became increasingly difficult to communicate with the new breed, for they couldn't understand—no doubt with good reason—that this was a *style*, and that in fact it was possible through this style to express great friendship and affection.

Peeling off was always understood, either with a girl you didn't want to share or just to be alone. One bar, just down from the West End a few blocks on the other side of Broadway was called, I believe, The Gay White Way—you could still use the word gay quite innocently in the fifties.

I'd go there by myself about once a week to write a short story and drink beer at a table in a small alcove. No one bothered you, and the bartender always bought every third beer. It was a neighborhood bar—odd-jobs people, old-timers, pensioners from the area—and never too full. A good big window looked out on Broadway and there was a juke box with old big-band records that had probably been there for

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thirty years—Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberle on "Green Eyes and Amapola," Bunny Berigan on "Can't Get Started" ("I've been consulted by Franklin D./Greta Garbo has asked me to tea . . ."), Fats Waller singing and playing with that marvelous left hand "Ain't Misbehavin'"—surely one of the world's greatest records—and something wonderful with Artie Shaw—slushy, sugary forties dance-band standard arrangement, then about halfway through that clarinet just cutting in, clear and cold and pure, slicing the slush—one of those moments.

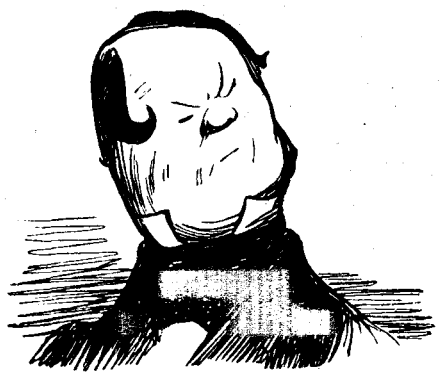
For some elaborate reason, the rationale for which escapes me now—and I'm glad it does—this bar was also one to which I took girls in whom I'd developed a sudden interest. Apparently I had some sort of test in mind, for I made them all listen to the records, watched their reactions, then insisted that they drink white rum and beer. If they refused, or if they said something I thought inane, or if they didn't like white rum and beer, then that was it.

That all ended, if I remember correctly, when a little blonde Barnard student, whom I'd picked up in the West End one afternoon as she brushed around the corner of the bar, passed all the first test with flying colors. But then we'd gone for our records and our drinks for about the third time and the conversation was getting intimate and—I suppose it was the rum—she suddenly reached inside her blouse, pulled out a little medallion, and said: "There's something between us that we can never overcome."

The medallion was a gold star of David. I didn't have my crucifix to pull out in return, over which we could have shed final farewell tears. But even then I guess I realized I had asked for it. You always get the dialogue you deserve.

Other bars—a small place in Spanish Harlem where one night a gentleman from the Dominican Republic, a Cuban, and a Puerto Rican and I sang Irish songs and Christmas carols while a go-go girl from the west coast of Puerto Rico danced to our music; Joe's place in Iowa City where every Wednesday night a friend, now a theologian and long-time member of the peace movement, met to drink huge twenty-five cent draft beers, eat Polish sausages, and watch the fights (It was also in Joe's place that I watched television coverage of JFK's assassination, having just fled from a Victorian seminar in which the professor, hearing halfway through class of the assassination, had insisted on reading Tennyson's "Tears, Silent Tears," while tears of his own trickled down his cheeks); a Hof-Brau restaurant in Berkeley where I held my own wake for Bobby Kennedy in 1968 by drinking Carlsberg from noon until midnight. Later, at a table in the same place, looking out at Telegraph, I wrote much of the first draft of my first book, flying all the way from New York (I couldn't afford it) for just that purpose—to sit at that table in that bar and write that book.

A few other special places: Martin's Draft Bar in Hillsdale, Michigan, where the rest rooms are labeled "Bucks" and "Does," where the draft beer tastes like Coors, where you can buy a Fuddpucker, where I spent a wonderful week in a booth by the window and rediscovered things I thought I'd never remember. Trader Vic's in San Francisco, to which I was summoned from married student housing in Berkeley to have dinner with Bill Buckley, and where over big brown rum drinks I accepted a job at *National Review*. Trader Vic's in Washington, where Spiro Agnew took me for lunch after offering me a job on his staff, and where, again, we drank big brown rum drinks. McSorley's in Manhattan, with a headwaiter named John Coyne, during the days when a pack of hairy suffragettes liberated it. The Algonquin, where I signed the contract for my first book, and where I had to borrow a tie from the bartender. The White Rose, a fly-spattered Manhattan refuge with daily specials—Shot of Carstairs with Short Beer Chaser, thirty-five cents—where my friend and editor Lew Rockwell and I ate corned beef sandwiches and drank McSorley's ale—twenty-five cents a mug—sold to the White Rose on special consignment—and where I signed the contract for my second book—or, perhaps more accurately, my first nonbook.



Then there was Alaska. Drinking is a way of life in Fairbanks. It's a hell of a town to be a Mormon in. People drink desperately in the winter when the temperatures average in the minus thirties and the sun never comes up. And in the summer, when the sun never goes down, people drink all night to celebrate the sunlight.

The bars are always full—Indian and Eskimo bars where bewildered kids from the bush villages kill themselves as rapidly as possible with booze, the girls trading themselves for a few Grain Belts to GIs who prowl the bars on paydays (and now, of course, there are the oil men); strip-show bars, dedicated to separating service men and construction workers from their paychecks; country/western bars filled with expatriates from the southwest.

Then the good ones: Tommy's Elbow Room, where there's a mix of clientele like no place I know in the rest of the United States—college professors, students, aging Beats who commuted from Mexico to San Francisco to Fairbanks, lawyers, an Alaska supreme court justice, airline stewardesses from Wein, Alaska Airlines, and Pan Am. Also old-timers, construction workers, surveyors, hunters and trappers, and bush pilots. A total mix, the conversation about politics or Jane Austen or hunting—a big fireplace at one end, especially comforting on those days toward the end of December when the temperature drops toward minus sixty and people wander in and out breathing ice fog and stand before the fire and take a special sort of pride in the weather.

Across the river, before the Chena flooded it out, the International Bar, with a rinky-tink piano that my friend Bill Markel played while I sang, and the old-timers and the construction workers filled our beer mug on the bar with silver dollars.

Out on the Nenana Highway, the Malemute Saloon, where the proprietor read Robert Service and served moose and caribou steaks. And then out to Nenana itself, a town that could be reached in the summer by crossing a high railroad bridge in which Warren Harding himself had set the golden spike. (Like so many other of Harding's ventures, this one proved a fluke. He hit the spike on the side, so the story goes, and it flew over the railing in a high arch and splashed into the Tanana.)

One summer afternoon Markel and I drove to the river, climbed across the bridge and down a rope into the town (the rope was the quickest way down), and stopped at a small bar for a couple of beers. As I inspected my rope burns, the proprietor shook his head and said, "I just don't understand why the hell we don't get more tourists here."

And the Polaris Lounge, with a quiet piano, where I used to take a University of Alaska coed with huge brown eyes. She'd grown up on a homestead in Alaska learning about things like reading aloud from Dickens at Christmas and oranges as the finest treat in the Christmas stockings. She was easily the prettiest girl on the Alaska campus, and we blended beautifully, but there was never a chance of anything serious coming out of it. I was big stuff from *New York*, and there was just no chance of any kind of permanent union in *Alaska*.

On Sundays we'd go to the Polaris and sit at a small table near the piano where I could watch the lighted Schlitz globe spin and we'd talk for hours—or more accurately I'd talk for hours about the big city and what a hell of a guy I was and those great books waiting to be written.

She listened beautifully, and it was much later that I came to realize that as a vivacious girl with a unique temperament, she had decided to control that temperament for me, the theory perhaps being even then that there was room for only one overtly flamboyant temperament per family. I knew then that I would never have a family. It was absolutely the last thing I wanted.

But she listened well and drank well. (After our marriage I learned that she left the Polaris after each session bombed. But she'd let me babble, lean against me so she wouldn't lurch, and I never suspected.) And after fourteen years of marriage and four kids I still have the family's big temperament. But that brash young loud mouth who used to babble on Sunday afternoons in the Polaris Lounge in Fairbanks now embarrasses me just a bit, and I think the influence of that coed with the big brown eyes—who, I've begun to suspect, is a little bit smarter, a bit more talented, and a hell of a lot nicer than her husband—may yet civilize me before I'm a candidate for the gout.

* * *

I don't spend as much time in bars these days, and when I do it's usually at the National Press Club talking to one of Washington's finest raconteurs, Sugar

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Mike Dean, who knew Trujillo, Batista, and LBJ and all the good guys, and watching John Prokoff, the world's greatest Lithuanian bartender, mix drinks. But it's different now and there isn't as much time.

Recently, I spent a few hours in the bar in the airport at Albany, New York. It wasn't much of place, but it reminded me of other airport bars in which I'd waited for someone or something. Airport bars are generally lousy—especially those in New York and Washington—plasticky furnishings, overpriced stingy drinks, indifferent bartenders. There are good ones, however.

The best one is the large upstairs lounge at O'Hare, where the drinks are very good, surprisingly cheap, and the bartenders, cut in the Daley mold, unusually friendly. O'Hare is *the* crossroads, and the people at the bar come from Hartford, Dallas, Phoenix, Anchorage. They talk easily, with that special sort of subdued euphoria that characterizes people who travel frequently by air. They're in temporary suspension and totally relaxed, for O'Hare is usually the halfway point for serious travelers. And things should always be just about perfect at the halfway point—you've just left a good flight with pretty, happy stewardesses, stiff drinks, and that completely easy feeling that comes perhaps only on a long flight—you're *in* the damned thing, everything has been ripped out of your hands, you're not *responsible* for a damned thing, and you *taste* the booze and you *taste* your cigarettes, and things you haven't thought about for years—the good happy things—come rushing back.

That's how it is at O'Hare. You're right in the middle. You're in between flights, and the best part is still ahead. The drinkers at the bar—the good ones—have learned how very important it is to parcel out time, and they appreciate the central beauty of air travel.

Later, of course, it ends, for the price you pay as a solitary air traveler is getting there. But at O'Hare you're in between, and for that brief moment you space things out, and once again there's plenty of time, time to do yourself over, time to do the things you know you were meant to do.

In what we call the real world, framed in the minutes of our daily lives, real time does grow shorter. But we learn to live for the pauses, during which we stretch time out so that the possibilities that seemed so real in so many taverns a few years ago seem as real as ever. And when the place is right and the drinks are right and the talk is right, there's just as much time as there used to be. And for a moment or two, it's nice to think so. □

Special Book Review

Cold Dawn

IN HIS PERCEPTIVE analysis of the impact of the 1972 strategic arms agreements upon the global military balance, the British scholar John Erickson observed that "more than one Soviet strategist and military planner these days must be still rubbing his eyes in order to make sure that he is not, after all, dreaming." Ten years ago, in the aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis, the prospect of permanent strategic inferiority must have appeared depressingly real to the Soviets; today, *mirabile dictu*, after the lapse of a single decade the USSR is "not only guaranteed parity with the United States but also accorded the possibility of eventual superiority" (Erickson, "Soviet Military Power," *Strategic Review*, I [Spring, 1973, Special Supplement], p. ix).

Nearly all commentators on SALT who do not belong to the assured destruction school of nuclear strategy have rendered similar judgments; indeed, the unremitting Soviet military buildup over the past eighteen months has given rise in some quarters to fears that the Soviets may attain useable military predominance over the West by 1980. Though such views may be considered excessively pessimistic, few would today assert that the United States emerged triumphant from the Helsinki-Vienna bargaining; it is thus imperative that we extract the relevant lessons from SALT I and apply them to current and future negotiations with the Soviet Union. In particular, it is essential that we discover how and why the United States came to concede numerical superiority to the USSR in the principal instruments of modern war.

John Newhouse's *Cold Dawn: The Story of SALT**is clearly the best place to begin an inquiry into the diplomatic process which begat the Moscow accords. (His monograph has been acclaimed, in fact, as the "definitive" account of the SALT negotiations, an assertion which is empirically difficult to challenge inasmuch as it remains up to now the only account.) *Cold Dawn* is several books in one. For the general reader it may serve as an introduction to the revived debate over the proper nuclear strategy for the United States, written by an articulate proponent of one school of thought in that debate. Thus, the uninitiated will discover the logic of deterrence, basic strategic concepts such as counterforce and countervalue, and such superficially arcane acronyms as MIRV, NCA, BMD, ABM, and MAD, all explained with reasonable clarity and occasionally with wit. Beyond that, Newhouse's volume is a history of American strategic thinking over the last decade, tracing U.S.-Soviet military relations—and the origin of the strategic arms negotiations—from the early sixties to the present, with often perceptive insights into the views on American nuclear strategy which were held by principal figures during that period. Of particular interest is his analysis of Robert McNamara, who set the SALT talks in motion, he argues, to head off public pressure for deployment of a broad-coverage ballistic-missile defense system.

Finally, *Cold Dawn* is a highly dramatized account of the SALT negotiations themselves, coupled with an obvious—although seldom directly stated—defense of the results. Serious students have been repelled by the novelized style into which Newhouse frequently lapses, especially when chronicling the progress toward agreement in late 1971 and early 1972; his account is replete with "whodunit" motifs and other conceits more appropriate to a writer of suspense fiction, and suffers as well from tedious overuse of theological metaphors. All of this seems designed to persuade the reader that he is being allowed a brief look into a very secret world, whose mysteries he cannot fathom and whose decisions he must not presume to challenge. To be sure, in one sense the former statement is true: *Cold Dawn* is clearly an "insider's" account, based on leaks from one or more of those now-proverbial "sources close to the negotiations"; indeed, there have been reports from other such "sources" that Mr. Kissinger himself released top-secret data to Newhouse, including transcripts of cables relaying instructions from Washington to the American negotiating team. Not surprisingly, these allegations have been denied by the secretary, and other reports suggest that Raymond Garthoff of the State Department, formerly senior advisor to the American delegation, was Newhouse's primary source of "closely held" information. In any event, Newhouse does provide us with an absorbing—if clearly partial and incomplete—glimpse into the development of the American negotiating positions and the manner in which concord with the Soviets was finally achieved.

In the process, he makes several points worth noting. He appears to reject the oversimplified "action-reaction" theory of the arms race, so beloved by Mr. McNamara (and, as Newhouse reminds us, by Napoleon), even if he substitutes for it the equally ingenuous Kissinger view which holds that arms races stem from the "inexorable march of technology." He writes knowledgeably concerning certain aspects of the American negotiating style, calling particular attention to our difficulty in maintaining requisite firmness and consistency when bargaining with the Soviets. Attention is also drawn to the time constraints placed upon the American SALT delegation by the President's insistence that an agreement be ready for signing at the Moscow Summit. Newhouse even concedes—unfortunately without elaboration or adequate analysis—that a condition of "rough parity" is not without its dangers for the West, and that in the wake of the concessions granted to the USSR at SALT I the United States has little leverage or

*New York: Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, 1973, $7.95.

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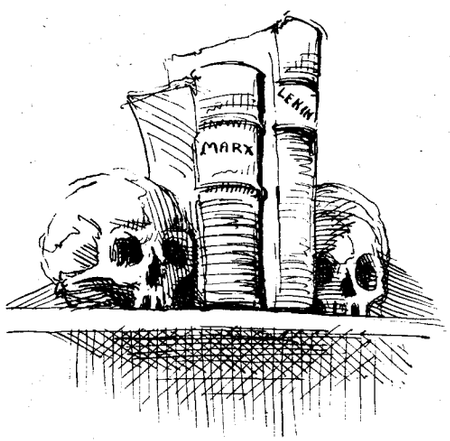
bargaining power to exploit in the follow-on negotiations now under way. Finally, his analysis of the inter- and intra-agency bargaining which accompanies the development of every American negotiating position and invariably damages that position, often quite gravely, deserves serious study.

Newhouse's account is nonetheless most valuable for what it reveals without intending to do so.

The story of SALT is at core a story of retreat—a virtually unbroken retreat by the United States from every proposal offered and every position taken during the course of the negotiations. Initially the American delegation proposed a "freeze in place" on offensive and defensive land-based missiles, which would have left the United States with a small ICBM margin and a protective force of twelve ABM installations (assuming funding by Congress) compared with one for the USSR. When the Soviets rejected this position, we suggested that both sides be limited to 1710 strategic launchers (then, as now, the American total). This offer too was quickly spurned; and, with what even Newhouse concedes was unseemly haste, our second offer was replaced by the famous "August 4th" proposal, which basically contemplated a freeze at a higher level for both sides, at approximately 1900 launchers. Once again, the Soviets were intransigent, and by now Kissinger had become persuaded that their objective was superiority in numbers of offensive missiles. His reaction, in Newhouse's disarming phraseology, was to accept the fact that any agreement would have to "grant Moscow . . . a sizable edge in strategic missiles," and a series of new initiatives was proffered on that basis; in rapid sequence we then retreated from most of our earlier defined "collateral restraints" designed to assure compliance with the agreement, abandoned our insistence that mobile missiles be outlawed, and dropped our demand for a clear definition of what constitutes a "heavy missile."

The final treaty, of course, limited both sides to the strategic launchers either completed or asserted to be under construction as of mid-1972, thereby affording the Russians a three to two numerical advantage. Additionally, it allowed only two missile defense sites, one protecting the national capital area (NCA) and the other protecting an ICBM field. Even in the ABM provisions the Russians gained the advantage: there was never any possibility that Congress would appropriate funds to construct an American NCA site, and the Soviets' "Galosh" system affords at least limited protection for 300 ICBM silos emplaced near Moscow.

Newhouse recounts in depressing detail this stream of American retreats, unmatched by any counterconcessions from the Soviets, although he never identifies them as such. Neither does he comment on the relationship between the U.S. failure to persuade the Soviets to meet us at least one-quarter of the way, and the American negotiating style itself. As Professor William Van Cleave, formerly an advisor to the U.S. SALT delegation, has emphasized, the United States remains "politically naïve" in its approach to bargaining with the Soviets. "Our driving assumption," he argues, "has been that arms control negotiations are a uniquely cooperative process, wherein compromise is a mutual objective and negotiation a non-zero-sum game where both sides stand to gain mutually and equally. . . . The Soviet Union, however, seems clearly to have regarded SALT as another competitive endeavor, where the objective is unilateral advantage and where one can gain at the expense of the other" ("International Negotiations," Hearings before the Subcommittee on National Security and International Operations, Part 7, July 25, 1972, p. 200). Thus we assessed proposals not primarily in terms of their ultimate impact upon the military balance, but in terms of what we believed the Soviets might accept: negotiability was the principal criterion which shaped the successive U.S. positions. Since



the Russians resolutely stuck to their basic viewpoint—an insistence on a substantial margin of numerical superiority—it was inevitable that the results of the "bargaining" would be unfavorable to American interests.

Newhouse's analysis is marred as well by a persistent effort to interpret Soviet attitudes and behavior in the most favorable way possible, and from an astonishing ignorance of Russia's military doctrine. The Soviet leadership, he believes, agreed to enter arms limitation talks in 1968 in order to curb the rising power of their own military bureaucracy, rather than to avert U.S. deployment of MIRV and ABM. The stalemate in round three of SALT is attributed to disagreements within the Soviet delegation, rather than to a calculated stall allowing further Russian missile deployments. Russian eagerness for an ABM freeze is taken as evidence that they, like the United States, believe that a situation of mutual assured destruction (MAD), in which the populous cities of each side are intentionally left vulnerable to nuclear devastation by the other, is the most stable strategic state; ignored is the possibility that the Soviets may have decided to acquire at least a partial damage-limiting capability (i.e., a capacity to limit the amount of destruction which the United States could wreak upon Soviet society should deterrence fail) based on an ability to destroy a large portion of America's own strategic force in a preemptive blow. (It is even possible that the Soviets are planning a technological leap forward to a defensive system based on such devices as the high-energy laser, not necessarily banned by the ABM Treaty.) As close students of Soviet military thought (for example, John Erickson, Thomas W. Wolfe, and William Schneider) have pointed out, there is in Russian strategic doctrine no equivalent of "assured destruction." Indeed, mutual assured destruction is precisely the strategic state in which the Soviets found themselves towards the close of the Khrushchev era. The latter's views on the proper military posture for the USSR were found somewhat wanting during the Cuban missile crisis, and were subsequently rejected by Soviet military and political leaders alike; Professor Erickson believes that the massive post-1964 Russian military build-up has in large measure been motivated by a desire to avoid the foreign policy implications implicit in acceptance of a MAD posture (see Erickson, *op. cit.*, pp. xi–xii). In any event, Soviet strategic thinking during the past decade has emphasized the need for *both* counterforce and countervalue options. Newhouse's gratuitous assertion that the Soviet military build up has been accompanied by "no formal strategic doctrine" is thus simply false—as even a cursory review of the available literature demonstrates.

Like the American delegation, Newhouse is unable to accept the probability that the Soviets entered the SALT negotiations deliberately seeking to gain strategic advantage over the United States. This may partially explain his failure to examine critically the various arguments offered by Administration spokesmen and by Mr. Kissinger in particular in defense of the accords. Americans have been repeatedly urged to avoid contemplating the numerical advantages guaranteed the Soviets, and to reflect instead on our likely fate in the absence of the treaty. The Soviets, Mr. Kissinger has said, were constructing 250 ICBMs and 128 sea-launched missiles a year, and by 1977 would have deployed over 2500 of the former and 1340 of the latter (on ninety boats) if not halted by the agreement. The sublimit of 318 placed on Soviet deployment of heavy missile launchers has been singled out for particular praise, on grounds that it rendered impossible or at least substantially delayed Soviet acquisition of a significant first-strike capability. Administration spokesmen have also cited the U.S. lead in warhead technology and the longer range of our sea-launched missiles as further proof that SALT has not endangered America's strategic position.

Careful analysis reveals, however, that these arguments are essentially false, and were known by Mr. Kissinger to be false from the start. Prior to the signing of the accords, Administration sources were predicting both publicly and privately that Soviet ICBM launcher deployment would level off at 1600 or so, enabling the USSR to concentrate its efforts on warhead accuracy, MIRV, and other qualitative improvements; no one either within or outside the government was anticipating further large-scale Russian deployment of land-based missiles. Furthermore, due to a highly significant Soviet advance in launching technology—which Newhouse suggests Washington was aware of as early as April 1971—the agreement does not prevent the Soviets from adding additional ICBMs to their arsenal in any event, nor does it forestall substantial increases in the

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throw-weight of their missiles. (The throw-weight of a missile, of course, affects the size and numbers of warheads it can carry.) Contrary to widespread understanding, the SALT accords do not restrict the number of *missiles* each side may deploy, but only the number of *launchers*, i.e., silos or submarine missile tubes. This distinction has usually been thought to possess little significance: ignition of the missile and other effects of the launching process normally result in heavy damage to the inside of the silo, meaning that only one missile could be launched per silo (at least during a reasonably short war). Launcher damage is avoided in the case of sea-launched missiles by use of a compressed gas ejection system, which expels the missile from the tube prior to ignition, but the number of missiles which a submarine can deploy is limited in any event by the size of the boat. Now, however, the Soviets have developed a "cold-launch" technology, similar to that utilized in missile-firing submarines, for use with their ICBMs. This means not only that the USSR will have a rapid reload and refire capability, enabling them to deploy two or more missiles per silo; it will also permit them to increase substantially the size and thus the throw-weight of their missiles by eliminating the need for protective shielding in the launcher.

Both the numerical and the size restrictions contained in SALT are thus dead letters—and, let me repeat, the Administration knew when SALT was signed that they were ineffectual obstacles to further upgrading of the Soviet missile force.

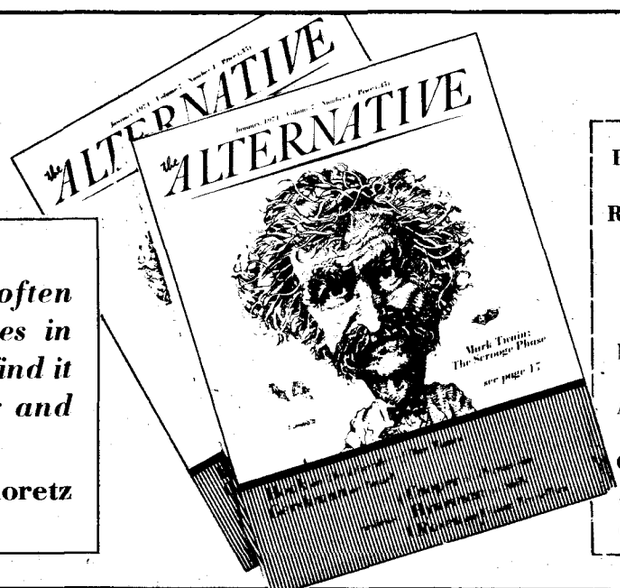
Since SALT, moreover, the Soviets have taken a giant step toward perfecting MIRV technology in a series of tests involving a whole new generation of long-range missiles—a development which the Administration had been predicting for several years prior to February 1972. This new ability to launch missiles with accurate multiple and independently targeted warheads, when combined with the cold-launch technique and the basically larger size (and thus throw-weight) of the new missiles, will within a few years enable the Soviets to deploy even medium-sized counterforce ICBMs with the capacity to hit U.S. Minuteman silos. And this is quite apart from the counterforce capability already extant in their SS-9 force.

Equally disingenuous have been the Administration's arguments in defense of the SALT provisions concerning sea-launched systems. The Soviets had completed only 25 SSBNs by May 1972, with 17 to 23 more under construction, and were adding boats at the rate of 8 or 9 per year; even had they continued to build submarines at that rate (they haven't), they could have deployed no more than 65 by 1977—merely three more than permitted by the SALT agreement. The accords, therefore, "limited" the Soviets to approximately the maximum number of sea-launched missiles which they could have constructed in any event. Finally, the 62 to 44 disparity in SSBNs permitted the USSR by SALT has been justified by the shorter range of the Russian SLBMs and the lack of Soviet access to overseas bases; the USSR, Mr. Kissinger has explained, requires three SSBNs to every two of ours to maintain an equal number on station. That argument too is false, and once again was known by Mr. Kissinger to be false when he first articulated it. The Russians had been developing a 4000-nautical mile range SLBM since early 1971, and they began deploying it on their newly designed "Delta" submarines in mid-1972.

In short, the nonpolitical arguments supporting SALT I, which attempt to explain away the numerical imbalances in the accords by an elaborate analysis of the weapons systems allowed both sides, are for the most part scandalously false. To the extent that the Administration has rested its defense of the accords upon these arguments, it has deliberately deceived the American people. SALT did not in any way avert a further Soviet accumulation of strategic weapons, nor is our security guaranteed by any notable American advantages in warhead or submarine technology. SALT did not halt or even retard the arms race, at least on the Soviet side. Rather, it signaled the abandonment by the United States of its promising ABM system; we are thus unable to protect our missiles and thereby enhance deterrence in the face of a growing Soviet counterforce capability, or to protect our population should deterrence fail. In addition, SALT formally registered acceptance by the United States of a significant Soviet advantage in strategic weapons—an advantage certain to increase substantially in the future. The potential political consequences of the accords in Europe and elsewhere have yet to be carefully analyzed, but the possibility that the Soviets will be able to translate their military gains into political advantage as well cannot be denied.

As I have indicated, there is no reason to doubt that the Administration—Secretary Kissinger in particular—is aware of the above considerations. The question thus remains: what advantages did Nixon and Kissinger perceive for the United States in the SALT agreements? Why, in a word, did SALT happen? To ascertain the answer one must leave Newhouse and scrutinize the more basic Administration views on military and foreign policy.

Available evidence indicates, for example, that Secretary Kissinger himself is a MADman, although the record is not without its ambiguities. In the scholarly writings which first brought him academic fame in the middle and late fifties, he quite directly identified himself with the "finite deterrence" school of nuclear strategy, whose members believed that the maintenance of a stable military balance between the superpowers would be a relatively easy task once each had acquired an invulnerable second-strike force; under such conditions, he argued, disparities in the actual numbers of missiles possessed by each side would normally be unimportant. Although in *The Necessity for Choice* (1960), he expressed concern for the allegedly impending "missile gap," he vigorously attacked those who argued that to achieve stable deterrence the United States should acquire at least a limited counterforce capability; such a posture, he argues, would be "provocative" to the Soviets and might overly stimulate the arms race. For more than a decade he has rejected the view that nuclear weapons are useable for political



Although I often disagree with pieces in **The Alternative**, *I find it consistentlly lively and intelligent.*

—Norman Podhoretz

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purposes; his solution to the dilemma implicit in the "assured destruction" strategy is the development of a subsubstantial limited-war capability by the NATO alliance.

Mr. Nixon's views are more ambivalent. In each of his annual State of the World messages (apparently drafted by Mr. Kissinger) he has attacked the "assured destruction" posture for its lack of flexibility, asking whether he ought to be restricted to responding to a nuclear attack—presumably meaning an attack directed primarily at U.S. military targets—by "ordering the mass destruction of enemy civilians, in the face of the certainty that it would be followed by the mass slaughter of Americans" (*1970 Report*, p. 122). But until this year the President had not seriously attempted to persuade Congress to appropriate funds for the kinds of hard-target weapons which would provide other options; in fact, it is well known that on several occasions the Administration decided not to go ahead with a hard-target warhead program as a gratuitous gesture of goodwill to the Soviets. Moreover, the SALT process itself provides a vital clue to the Nixon-Kissinger nuclear strategy: as Professor Van Cleave and Donald G. Brennen both have observed, in formulating American negotiating positions no serious consideration was given to any alternative other than a MAD posture (see Van Cleave, *op. cit.*, p. 205, and cf. Brennan's testimony on SALT before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reprinted in *Congressional Record*, June 30, 1972, p. S 10957). Indeed, while defending the accords during his post-SALT congressional briefing, Kissinger emphasized that the primary strategic result of the agreements was to ensure the mutual vulnerability of each power, and expressed his hope that SALT II would produce an agreement that would make counterforce strategies impossible for both sides.

The Administration could therefore adopt the SALT agreement with enthusiasm—and employ false arguments concerning the present and future military balance in defending it—because Nixon and Kissinger believe, in accordance with the dictates of the MAD strategy, that only at some vague and undefined level do weapons disparities between the two powers assume military or political significance. Newhouse, also a self-confessed MADman, makes no attempt to evaluate this assumption.

Neither does he challenge the final argument for SALT: that whatever their technical deficiencies the accords are worthy of support because they contribute to détente, and that détente, in turn, will in the last analysis ensure their viability. The agreements, Mr. Kissinger stated during the congressional briefing, "must be seen as a political event of some magnitude . . . any country which contemplates a rupture of the agreement or a circumvention of its letter and spirit must now face the fact that it will be placing in jeopardy a broad political relationship."

The viability of MAD ultimately rests on the belief that deterrence will never fail; and for Nixon and Kissinger, this assurance in turn ultimately rests on the unshakeable conviction that détente is a reality. Thus it once again becomes clear, as I have argued at length elsewhere from a different perspective (see "The Nixon Doctrine and the Primacy of Détente," *Intercollegiate Review*, IX [Spring, 1974], forthcoming), that détente is both the wellspring and the ultimate goal of the Nixon Administration's entire foreign and military policy. So far Nixon and Kissinger's trust in the Soviet commitment to détente appears unshaken; other Administration figures such as Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger and Iklé, alarmed at the massive and continuing Soviet military buildup since SALT I, are increasingly doubtful.

Newhouse notes in one of his more analytical moments that an arms control agreement may be either stabilizing or destabilizing, depending on the motives of the parties; a one-time student of history named Henry A. Kissinger has also warned us that "the danger to the equilibrium is never demonstrated until it is already overturned" (*A World Restored* [1964 ed.], p. 163). It remains to be seen whether the damage to the strategic equilibrium wrought by SALT I will be rectified or reinforced by SALT II.

James E. Dornan, Jr.

Max Geltman

Horatio Alger and Garry Wills

WE LEARNED TO READ early on New York's East Side. We had to or we would have been denied the greatest pleasure provided by the entertaining media of our time—the "silents."

The dialogue flashed across the screen as rapidly as the shadow-mimes flitted before our eyes as we watched Pearl White elude the villains in forty-episode serials in our two-for-a-nickel movies. Yes, two boys (we never took girls along, Gloria Steinem, so eat your heart out!) were admitted for a half a dime, the more affluent proffering three cents to the skinniest runt on the street pleading, "Who's got three? Who's got three?" He had to be skinny or he'd never be able to share the narrow seat provided by an aggrandizing entertainment entrepreneur.

The runt had to be able to read, too, without mouthing the words too loud and interrupting our reveries as William Farnum—no stereotype he of a William S. Hart or even a latter John Wayne—tracked down the villain on Zane Grey's "purple sage." We sucked in the words on the Silver Screen. We held our breath when the dark villains—they were always "swarthy," a dirty word in our youth—almost caught up with Pauline whose perils were our perils, but whose plight would have been augmented had we not been able, in a trice, to match words to action which is what reading is all about.

Oh, there were "talking pictures" for the older immigrants, who had arrived too late to learn to read with ease the words imprinted on the screen. Talking pictures? Yes, years before the "talkies" swooped down upon us to shatter the blessed silence that enveloped us, our elders went to their kind of movies that "talked." At least they did on the lower East Side. There, on Clinton Street, there was a converted theater where, in the box on stage-right, was ensconced a gentleman interlocutor who read the men's portion of the silent dialogue, while a woman, stage-left, spoke the words Clara Kimball Young poured passionately into the ear of Francis X. Bushman. The accents were sufficiently inflected to make understanding the strange language almost completely intelligible. But it was not for us, not only because we could *read*, but because we could not afford to enter a movie palace where the admission was ten cents (for adults) and a nickel (each) for minors between five and twelve. For us the two-for-a-nickel movie house on Houston Street was what we could (more or less) afford, and what we desired.

Reading, like eating, grows with the appetite. We read full-length books (not comic books) that tingled with excitement—Frank Merriwell, Nick Carter—or the books by Horatio Alger, Jr. that glowed with promise. These were real books, full-bodied books, with full-bodied sentences. In this literature the word "like" was either a verb or a preposition, a word fixed in space; it did not escape into a vague and abashed, sometimes brazen illiteracy where it is used to to begin a nonsentence which usually ends with the nonword "man": "Like I said man." Our books were *reading* books—novels for boys, yes; but novels all the same. And no one was more circumspect in this regard than Alger with whose heroes we easily identified: ***Phil the Fiddler, The Errand Boy***. We were, most of us, tiny fiddlers, future Saschas, Toschas, Mischas, Yaschas, and if not that, we were almost all of us "errand boys." I was one, and the one book which I cherish most in my present library of a thousand volumes on philosophy, politics, art, and literature, is Alger's ***The Errand Boy*** which begins the way a book should—with the setting defined and the hero introduced in the first sentence: "Phil Brent was plodding through the snow in the direction of the house where he lived with his step-mother and her son, when a snow-ball, moist and hard, struck him just below his ear with stinging emphasis."

This is not the way books earmarked for

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readers aged six to eight or eight to ten in the *New York Times Book Review* are written. I was ten when I read all the 286 pages of *The Errand Boy*, and from there could go on to Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner. Ours was a lean literature made for boys who knew the joys of catching a ball on the fly or playing stickball on the streets. It was not a literature for fat boys.

Stephen Daedalus (in *Ulysses*) observes with compassion one such boy in his classroom: "A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel. He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly. Crumbs adhered to the tissues of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath." But such "sweet" boys do not join the rough-and-tumble games of their schoolmates, nor were they taken in to our two-for-a-nickel movies. They go on to study the classics whence they emerge stuffed with nonsense like the palindromic Revilo Oliver, or they come out—Garry Wills.

Mr. Wills, of whom it could have been predicted that he would find it easy to slide down the ecclesiastical greasepole from Cardinal Newman to the Berrigan Brothers, does not like Horatio Alger. Why should he? After all, Phil Brent, the sublime "errand boy," is all the things that Wills finds hateful in Richard Nixon. The boy from Whittier, California (not even from the East Coast!), without so much as an inkling of what is contained in Aristotle (or in *Bartlett's*, Garry's most frequently thumbed volume), pushed his way up the ladder of success to reach the summit from which vantage Wills would topple him. Wills wanted him to be toppled before Watergate was translated from the Bible (Nehemiah: 12, 37) to Washington, D.C.

Nixon Agonistes! Even here our author is not being authentic. Garry Wills may have discovered the title for his book on first looking into Bertrand H. Bronson's *Johnson Agonistes*, published in 1946. All the *agon* is here, in this exquisite little study of Samuel Johnson, but not the nastiness that attracted the editors of the *New York Post* to serialize Wills' opus. The point is that Garry Wills despises Nixon for his virtues, not for his frailties; he hates him because he sees him with the bloodshot eyes of the elitist fanatic who feels chronically deceived and denied. There is simply no compassion in the man. That is why he could endorse Phil Berrigan's cruel condemnation of our tortured returning POWs as "war criminals." It is in the same tone that we read this denunciation of Alger in *Nixon Agonistes*: "The evil of Horatio Alger was not that he made an apprentice hustle sycophantically in the wake of the millionaire, but that he distilled the poison that (only a touch of it) turns the saintly . . . into the sanctimonious, e.g., Richard Nixon."

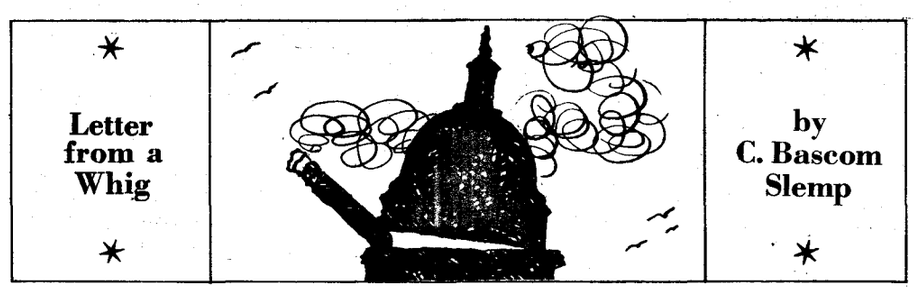
The "evil" words finally extruding from his phlegm-encrusted throat, Wills explodes: "Only the most resolutely self-deceived 'earner' can make the boast 'I never got something for nothing.' And only by a cultivated solipsism can parts of the middle class keep saying '*We* made it on our own, why can't *they*?' No one makes it on his own . . . [this is] a cruel hoax. Self-made men are not bold, spontaneous, free. They are cramped, full of pretense, diminished—Richard Nixon."

Here one may ask: Who and what made Garry Wills? Did he who made Jane Fonda make thee? Wills loves Jane and Tom (Hayden) and the Berrigans and the Black Panthers, and all the things the hated "middle classes" fear, because he is a fat boy with sugar-coated lips, out of the same class which, while it could provide him with a classical education, did not provide him with the talents to make it either as scholar or classicist. And for that he will forgive no one, least of all himself—or Horatio Alger, Jr. Now, in the environs of the *Post* (any *Post*, *Washington* or *New York*) he has become a well-paid "earner," which not only makes him feel cheated, but a cheat.

The following news item tells us something Wills never understood about America and something he doesn't understand to this day: "Tips amounting to more than $50,000, including a fortune in old silver, were disclosed yesterday to have been the reward of a supermarket delivery boy who befriended an elderly widow who lived alone on Manhattan's East Side" (*New York Times*, December 11, 1973). The boy's name is John Bianchi. The widow's name was Ethel Field. He had come to do small chores for her, to tend to her when she was too ill to go out; to comfort her, and to take her "tips."

Here is the essence of Alger. It will be noted that young Bianchi was not at all "sycophantic," anymore than was Phil, the prototypal "errand boy" in Horatio Alger's story. He was kind and decent and he trusted his own trust—and it was that which finally brought him reward. That is the message of Alger, although he never delivered messages; all such he left to his "delivery boys."

But Wills never delivered a message to anybody that bode anyone good, only the dry seeds of dead fruit garnered from a twisted tree in a lifeless desert. And from these dry bones he preaches a message of contempt for his own shortcomings; he doesn't understand that Homer was blind so he could refrain from gazing upon the follies of men, especially those who put spite above sympathy, and envy above competence. *Ora pro nobis.* □



Crazy Jane's Salvation Show

A READING FROM the spicy pages of the *Congressional Record*: "Arriving amidst the fanfare trumpeted by the Washington news media and cast in the role of a romantic folk hero and people's lobbyist, this past week actress Jane Fonda and her accomplice (husband Tom Hayden) arrived in town. Thanks to the generosity of an accommodating faction of the membership of the House, Miss Fonda and company have taken up residence in a Judiciary subcommittee room, courtesy of the United States taxpayers, where congressional staff personnel will allegedly be educated in the facts of life . . ."—thus spoke Congressman Robert Price about the arrival of Crazy Jane's Salvation Show, an amusing occurrence save for the fact that American taxpayers picked up the tab.

Actually Miss Fonda and Mr. Hayden were not able to conduct their lobbying activities in a House Judiciary subcommittee room. Representative John Conyers (D.-Mich.)—who had requested the use of the room on behalf of California Congressman Ron Dellums, the Fonda-Hayden sponsor—withdrew his request after he found out what the room was to be used for.

Under House rules, however, any congressman can request space in a committee hearing room. Most committee chairmen will usually approve such requests, with the expectation that the member requesting the room will exercise proper judgement in deciding for whom to request space, and how the space will be used. Wise in such matters, Representative Dellums, therefore, then requested that the chairman of the District of Columbia Committee, Charles Diggs (D.-Mich.), provide space for the Fonda-Hayden activities in the D.C. committee meeting room. It was there that her anti-American carnival was held. But contrary to the District committee's policy, the Fonda-Hayden seminars were not open to the public, and a number of congressional aides (including myself) were even refused admittance. A Dellums' aide, Mike Duberstein, made it quite clear to us that congressional aides could attend the meetings upon invitation only—and we were not about to be extended an invitation. (Duberstein, incidentally, for those who aren't up on the Washington scene, was listed by *Cosmopolitan* magazine as one of Washington's most eligible bachelors and Duberstein has seen fit to list this "recognition" in the *Congressional Staff Directory.*)

As a result of the Fonda-Hayden activi-

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ties, a small group of incensed congressmen went to the floor of Congress to hold a "Special Order" and voice their disapproval over the "misuse" of congressional office space, and to discuss the policy procedures involved in allowing members access to committee rooms for private use.

Considering the press coverage received by Fonda-Hayden, and the lack of coverage given to those members who criticized the seminars, it is probably worthwhile highlighting some of the comments offered by the membership critical of the Fonda-Hayden seminars.

The seminars held under the sponsorship of Congressman Dellums were, according to Representative Price, entitled "American Imperialism," and they focused on the so-called atrocities and crimes against humanity which are being committed by the "Thieu clique," and which are being supported by the United States government. Expressing concern that some Americans might not be aware of Fonda-Hayden's sympathies, Congressman Roger Zion (R.-Ind.) said: "I believe that we, as representatives of the people, should know the truth about the people who are doing the lobbying. In this case, we have been subjected to the oratory of a woman who is, according to her own statements, a believer in communism and an unregenerate partisan of the North Vietnamese Communist cause."

To offer support for Zion's charge, a number of congressmen quoted various Fonda remarks, including the following from a Hanoi radio broadcast:

"I am Jane Fonda speaking to you in Hanoi. I have had the honor of visiting your country. I strongly condemn the crimes that the United States government representing the American people is committing in Vietnam . . .

"We . . . support the Vietnamese people's struggle. We understand you and we have a common enemy, U.S. imperialism . . .

"The United States society is not an answer to those who seek happiness."

From a speech at Michigan State University, the following Fonda quote was also cited: "I would think that if you understood what communism was, you would hope, you would pray on your knees that we would someday become Communist."

The concern, then, of the members of Congress who spoke out against Jane Fonda was (as expressed by John Rousselot [R.-Calif.]) whether the House of Representatives should: "allow supporters of communism the use of facilities of the U.S. Congress as a forum for the dissemination of their propaganda."

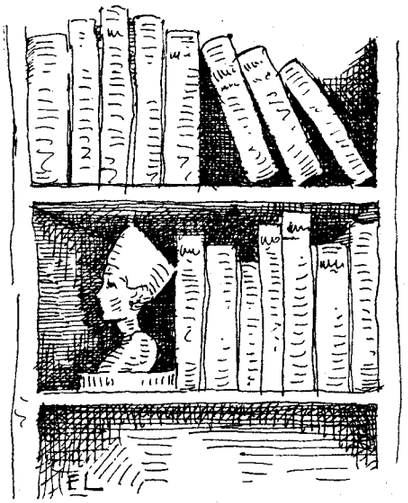
Equally critical was Alabama congressman, Bill Dickinson, who pointed to the "hypocrisy" and the "double standards of the left-wing media":

"Who of our so-called opinion molders have you heard raise their voices in opposition to such action and even raise an eyebrow? It is freedom of speech we are told. Is it indeed? What do you think the reaction of those same great 'civil libertarians' would have been if the same space had been loaned to the Ku Klux Klan, for instance.

"Would it be freedom of speech then? What would the reaction have been if, say, the Palestinian Liberation Front were given the use of the same space? Do you think there would not have been an uproar raised in the national press and over the TV networks that would not have even subsided today?"

Congressman Bob Sikes (D.-Fla.) offered the following opinion: "The good people that I represent were appalled by the spectacle of Jane Fonda and her group of anti-American radicals using a committee room of the Congress to conduct a seminar against American imperialism. Such use of any of the facilities of the Nation's Capitol is an affront to all Americans and an insult to the hallowed and historic halls of the Capitol of the United States. In particular, it is an affront to the men and women in uniform in Southeast Asia; to those who were held prisoners by the Communists, and to those who are missing in action in Vietnam."

Concurring with that opinion were, in fact, a number of Vietnam POWs who were visiting Capitol Hill on the day the "Special Order" was being held. And because of Fonda's antiwar activities, during the Vietnam War, former POW Colonel Day, charged that Fonda's "treasonous actions strengthened us [the POWs], while the morale of the North Vietnamese was in turn lifted because they thought overwhelming American opposition to the war at home was about to bring down the government and end American involvement."



Lt. Col. James Thompson went even further: "She and others like her were traitors and I see no reason why they shouldn't be hung for it."

"Drastic punishment," asked Florida Republican, Skip Bafalis. "Not really," continued the congressman. "The statements Miss Fonda and others issued so willingly to condemn our involvement in Southeast Asia were the tools the Communists used to pry so-called confessions from the POWs. And when the lies spread by Miss Fonda wouldn't break their spirit, they turned to torture. Now Miss Fonda denies that American POWs were ever tortured. As a matter of fact, she called the POWs liars when they returned home with tales of the horrible deprivation they had suffered." Well, we still haven't heard the real horror. Some of the tortures these men were made to suffer are so grim that even now, after a year of freedom, they cannot bring themselves to speak of them.

Putting the Fonda-Hayden Capitol Hill lobbying activities in perspective, Pennsylvania Republican E.G. Shuster made the following remarks:

"There have been those today who tried to cloud the issue . . . I would like to emphasize what the issue is not. The issue today is not whether there are political prisoners in South Vietnam, and if so, whether this is right or wrong. The issue, indeed, is not the rightness or wrongness of the war in Vietnam; and indeed the issue is not that of free speech in America, because I believe most of us, or all of us, defend Miss Fonda's right to dissent here in America.

"The issue . . . is should an American who gave aid and comfort to an enemy against American POWs in time of war have the use of the taxpayers' facilities in our Nation's Capitol to continue her near treasonous treacheries? I say the answer to this question is no.

"The answer is no. No, unless it is the will of this House that such facilities be made available . . . there is not one shred of evidence, there is not one scintilla of evidence that such is the will of this House . . . [and] hell shall freeze over before it will be the will of this congressman."

With a flair for history and eloquence Representative Jack Kemp (R.-N.Y.) offered the following remarks:

"I do not question Jane Fonda's right to proclaim her views. That is a right guaranteed under our Constitution and our Bill of Rights to every American, irrespective of persuasion. But, I do question—and I condemn—the use of taxpayers' facilities to provide her a public platform to proclaim those views.

"There is a right way and a wrong way to do anything. I think it was an indiscretion that the use of a committee meeting room was chosen by Jane Fonda and those who support her causes.

"The intensity of my feelings is, however, mitigated by one sure fact: America and its institutions will long survive Jane Fonda and her causes. On that I have no question."

The membership was careful not to criticize Representative Dellums personally for his role in the Fonda-Hayden seminars during the "Special Order." Privately, however, most of the members questioned Dellums' judgement for his participation in and support for the seminars. Through the "Special Order" the participating members attempted to show their disapproval over Fonda's use of congressional committee rooms. And they also hoped to set in motion new procedures which would prevent the recurrence of a similar incident. But to date, no action has been taken in that direction.

On Impeachment

In their recent newsletter Evans and Novak reported that the House of Representatives appears ready to vote for impeachment by July, in which case it is quite possible that Mr. Nixon could be standing trial in the Senate when *The Alternative* resumes publication in September. Sources I have spoken with, however, do not believe a vote on impeachment would come until after the November elections. Representative Donald Fraser (D.-Minn.), chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, recently sent out a fund-raising letter

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saying that sentiment for impeachment was waning and that additional funds were necessary to rejuvenate the impeachment drive.

This ADA attitude plus the partisan political nature of the House Judiciary impeachment inquiry has served to bring disenchanted Republicans back into the fold. There is also a strong sentiment in Congress that it would be politically wiser not to make an impeachment vote a campaign issue. The almost evenly divided public sentiment on impeachment concerns any congressman because of the uncertainty of response an opinion on impeachment would elicit from the electorate. On the other hand most representatives feel that they could return to their districts before the election and portray a willingness to vote for impeachment if the evidence so indicates. □

Book Review

Marx and Burke

A Revisionist View

by Ruth A. Bevan
Open Court $7.95

DR. BEVAN PROPOSES in this thoroughly researched and earnestly argued study that Burke and Marx are intellectual brothers not far under the skin—that both are Aristotelians, hence anti-Rationalists, counter-Idealists, a-Realists in the technical senses of the last two categories. Both are, rather, Empiricists, Realists in the popular usage, though not quite Pragmatists in the cramped and vulgar meaning nowadays given that term in trendy political discourse. But all that she actually proves is that though her principals have indeed gone to school at the Lyceum, they agree on only one point—doubtless the most important—of The Philosopher's teaching: that anarchy is impossible since man is a social, hence, a political animal, not just hypothesis but by direct observation of his behavior in half or more of the jurisdictions of Greek antiquity—Sicyon, Chalscis, Syracuse, Carthage, Lacedaemon, Leontini, Sicily, Gela, Rhegium, to name those cited on a single page of the *Politics*. And what Bevan fails to prove is that Marx, despite some renunciatory gestures, ever did shake wholly loose from speculative Rationalism—a claim, indeed, from which she herself begins to recede in the later pages of the book.

Let us count the ways in which the lady advances her theme. Burke, she recalls, had his M.A. from Trinity College and his LL.D. *honoris causa* after the usual interval of four decades. Quaint as it seems in times when the Ph.D. is awarded for almost everything, Karl Marx was certified as a Doctor literally of Philosophy in the rigorous University of Jena. There was a century between Burke and Marx, but the pretechnical world of learning was one, just as the universal church was still at least pan-(Western) European, its language received as a matter of course by secular scholarship. Language, Burke had said, was the cement of society; he had also said that the citizen of any European state was at home in any other, and so that the old Christian *dom*, though broken now into warring states and quarreling schisms, was still a cultural principality, sounding of the past out of which it had come. And Aquinas had seen to it that Aristotle of the Peripatetics (the Walkie-Talkie School?) was part of the sound.

The result in political science, forming Burke and Marx alike, says Bevan, was an Aristotelian theorem of factual observation, straitly limited to people as they were and are, and then a generalization of such behavioral patterns as could be demonstrated to survive variation in time, place, and nurture in the promotion of community. Thus men were admonished on the whole to prefer growth to cataclysm, evolution to revolution, the middle of the path to the edge of the cliff. Bevan gives highly important testimony in distinguishing this Aristotelian empiricism from the "value-free" brand of the contemporary "behavioralists." Aristotle, after all, was the author as well of the *Ethics*, just as *laissez-faire* Adam Smith wrote not just *The Wealth of Nations*, but (as Burke remembered), also *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. The older empiricists were all the way empirical, taking note of the primordial *datum* that the moderns affect to ignore—that men differ from stones and statistics in that they think, feel, and believe. As do, of course, in fact, the behavioralists themselves: so that their value-free findings are apt to be free only of the values of their adversaries and chock full of their own. Bevan makes all these points with clarity in behalf of her protagonists in her chapter "Philosophical Foundations" and elsewhere.

But as suggested, she shows Burke to have embraced historical empiricism entire; Marx only as far as acknowledging that men by nature are not "tribeless, lawless, hearthless," much less atoms awash in nihilistic vacuum. The signs of Marx's deviation from Aristotle begin to show in Bevan's chapter on "Social Application," mount in "The Politics of Reality," and climax in Chapter Five, "The Politics of Change."

There is, indeed, at times an almost blurring of the two terms evolution and revolution. Yet the distinction is elementary etymology, and surely etymological precision is urgent in the discussion, risky at best, which determines the state and fate of nations. Evolution is *ex*-volution, revolution *re*-volution. Volution is from *volvere*, to roll; *ex* is out, away from; *re* is back, back to a former state or position—a mere return to the starting place, but worn, eroded by the friction of the turn-around—at best a squeaky wheel, at worst an ominously broken one. So Burke warned against the revolution that returned France to an authority tighter than the Old Regime, after an erosion of consensus persisting to this day, and not only in France. Marx, abstracted into the dialectic from the reality of Bonapartism, put his shoulder to the revolutionary wheel which started at Kaiser and Czar and turned in friction and fury full circle to Lenin, Stalin, and Hitler.

Be it remembered that Aristotle himself was troubled by the ethereal quality of Plato's remarks on revolution. "In the *Republic*," Aristotle says, "Socrates treats of revolutions, but not well . . . He only says that the cause is that nothing is abiding, but all things change in a certain cycle; and that the origin of the change consists in those numbers 'of which 4 and 3, married with 5, furnish two harmonies'. . . ." Now *that* is really speculative rationalism! "The generation of rationalist politics is by political inexperience out of political opportunity," says Michael Oakeshott, a modern Aristotelian, writing in the metaphor of the horse fancy, of which his knowledge is by no means abstract. Moreover, "nothing in this field can compare with the work of Marx and Engels . . . They are the authors of the most stupendous of our political rationalisms—as well they might be, for it was composed for the instruction of a less politically educated class than any other that has ever come to have the illusion of exercising political power . . . No other technique has so imposed itself upon the world as if it were concrete knowledge; none has created so vast an intellectual proletariat, with nothing but its technique to lose. . ."

Nor is that all. In a surgical operation complete in a footnote, Oakeshott isolated the element in Marxian literature which may have—shall we say enticed?—Bevan into her—admittedly not unqualified—conclusion that Marx was no speculative Rationalist: "By casting his technique in the form of a view of the course of events (past, present, and future), and not of 'human nature,' Marx thought he had escaped from Rationalism; but since he had taken the precaution of first turning the course of events into a doctrine, the escape was an illusion. Like Midas, the Rationalist is always in the unfortunate position of not being able to touch anything, without transforming it into an abstraction; he can never get a square meal of experience."

Not even Burke could have put it better. Not even Aristotle. Bevan has intimations from time to time of the empiric logic that gnaws at her thematic Marx as empiricist; but it is the theme rather than the intimations which prevails in a nonetheless scholarly and instructive work.

C.P. Ives

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The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, is celebrating the publication of his new book, which is now available at avant-garde *bookstores throughout New Jersey. Dr. Plunkitt's book is about the importance of altruism in politics and it is titled* What's in It for Me? *Although Dr. Plunkitt expects to earn ten million dollars from sales of his new book, he has agreed to continue to advise public figures through this column. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

My husband, Leonard, and I have been at the vanguard of the people's struggle, throughout this wretched period of war, strife, and conspicuous consumption. We hate America's crass materialism and we will go to any length to fix America's attention on the plight of the proletariat and the oppressed. What are needed are courageous, selfless, and audacious gestures forwarding the just goals of the oppressed and of criminals in general.

So it is that Lenny and I have committed ourselves to undertake such a gesture. Regardless of our fate, we intend to make bold to invite the Symbionese Liberation Army to a cocktail party. It is the only way my husband and I have left to speak out on their behalf. We shall invite all the right people and we shall take a collection for the furtherance of whatever it is that the SLA wants. Unfortunately I am not yet acquainted with any actual members of the SLA and I do not know what it is the SLA is in favor of. Can you help me get one or two good-looking specimens of the SLA to my party, and do you know what noble cause they are furthering? Does it have anything to do with the Potawatomi women? Also is the SLA a tax-exempt army?

Cordially,
Felicia Bernstein

Dear Mrs. Bernstein:

Though it may be an indication of an incipient disengagement from serious American politics, I must admit that I have yet to meet any members of the Symbionese Liberation Army. I do know several members of the Knights of Malta, and after the war I knew a retired member of the Foreign Legion who ran a beauty parlor in New York's famed Artichoke Area. But I cannot say that I know any of the SLA worthies. Nor does it seem that I will be meeting any, for I fear once these folks surface they will be locked in the slammer. I suggest you hold a symbolic cocktail party at a local insane asylum and invite Bella Abzug to represent the SLA.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

As you are probably aware the government has hounded and persecuted me for my political beliefs. I have been jailed and exposed to such unfortunate publicity that even my artistic integrity is being called into question. As things stand today I probably could not even get published in the *New York Review of Books*, even with a hyphenated name. But I can live with my sadness, after all, think of the hardships endured by artists like Oscar Wilde and Lenny Bruce.

What really troubles me is the moral climate of our country. Many Americans are not only losing their faith in government, but they are losing their faith in general. What will happen to America if the majority of Americans lose faith?

Sincerely yours,
Clifford Irving

Dear Mr. Irving:

I am honored to have received a communiqué from such an illustrious name in the world of letters. During all that pother over the Howard Hughes book I was quite taken by your grace and high purpose, and though I cannot say that I admired your ends I always admired your means. Surely the *New York Review of Books* will publish you. Tell them how often you have been interviewed on National Public Radio, and mention your theory that no one should be imprisoned for a crime unless the victim actually loses his life or is *seriously* injured. Such advanced ideas are always sure-fire with the *Review* people.

I can understand your distress concerning the possibility that the American people are losing their faith. Without their simple faith you would have no means of livelihood. Not only would progressive intellectuals like yourself lose their markets, but think of the hard times awaiting thousands of politicians, millions of bureaucrats, and the frauds of National Public Radio? If the American people continue to lose their faith in government I suspect there will be a lot more freedom in the land, and if they lose their faith in general I suspect they will be a lot richer, though probably not so contented.

—GWP

Book Review

Plain Speaking

An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman

by Merle Miller
Putnam $8.95

HARRY TRUMAN has ascended steadily in the estimate of historians, moving from the presidential ash can into which historians had cast him to the Top Ten, even outstripping Ike, "the fella that succeeded me," as he almost invariably referred to General Eisenhower, whom he cordially loathed, and whose (alleged) war-time peccadillos figure in this book. Merle Miller writes that Truman said he had destroyed a correspondence between Generals Eisenhower and Marshall, the latter having informed Ike that Ike's intention to divorce Mamie was unthinkable and would force the Army Chief of Staff, Marshall, to ruin Eisenhower. Miller's superb new biography is far more than just a compendium of such juicy gossip, the latter of no more—nor less—importance than the behind-scenes tales of J. Edgar Hoover or Martin Luther King or the Kennedy brothers that surface from time to time in pop literature and only decades later make their way into "scholarly" histories.

At present, Truman has suffered the downgrading of "revisionist" historians, who see him as a trigger-happy cold warrior, simultaneous with the renewed appreciation of old liberals and even conservatives. This is true not because of his domestic policy, but because of his foreign policy. We know now that Truman was quite right to press for aid to Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan, Point Four, and NATO. And Truman's intervention in Korea, now an ingredient in the New Left condemnation, likewise seems to leveler heads a reasoned response, and a just one.

Yet Truman was by no means faultless. Like his biographer, Truman was to the end unwilling to say an uncharitable word about Alger Hiss. And of Stalin? "I liked him," the otherwise shrewd Truman asserted. And on. But he knew his Nixon, and knew him well: "a shifty-eyed, goddamn

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liar," which says it all. In fact, Truman listed Nixon as one of but two men whom he absolutely despised, the other a minor Missouri pol who had lied to Harry.

Plain Speaking is based on tapes made in 1961–1962 for a TV program that died aborning. Truman was then a decade into retirement, enjoying to the full his "promotion," as he called his return to private life. Private citizen, spry (and how he hated that word), sound in the head, Truman accepted Miller as friend and scribe, came to see him as a vehicle for getting the message across.

What emerged on Miller's tapes is Truman almost at ease; *almost*, because the former President hardly let it all out. He was shrewd, witty, profane, a surprisingly adept historian himself, and his respect for the office of the presidency was huge: he was not about to diminish that office by letting go entirely, nor did Miller push very hard. Indeed, one real criticism of the book is that its author did not prod enough, didn't ferret out some of the nastier sides of Truman. But then, HST was prickly and initially suffered Miller warily; no doubt Miller felt he could not afford to press firmly. This is no warts-and-all book, and the definitive biography by some future historial will require some reappraisals. This is a puff for Truman as seen from Truman's perspective, amplified by testimonials from, seemingly, every codger in Missouri, not to mention such as Dean Acheson, the patrician whose love of the plain-spoken, somewhat coarse Missourian puzzles lay folk. "I consider him [Truman] one of the most extraordinary human beings who ever lived," Acheson said; Miller concurs, as might the reader after a pleasant amble through his exceedingly pleasant book.

The book has been excerpted in magazines up one wall and down the other, reviewed everywhere, climbed to the top of the best-seller lists before its official publication, and soon it will be out in paperback and will capture an audience numbering in the hundreds of thousands. It is enough, therefore, here to appraise its fineness and place it in some context.

We have been through the blandness of Ike, the tinsel and show-biz of Kennedy, the overbloated messianism of LBJ, and the chintziness of Nixon and his merry band of crooks. Harry comes up smelling like roses. His toughness, sincerity, decency, decisiveness made Truman unique in the post-Teddy Roosevelt presidency. We read *Plain Speaking* and realize what we have lost in the White House. We read it, moreover, to see what we have lost in America. Not just ward-heeler politics of a dubious variety, which loss we suffer without regret, but also the plainness and fundamental honesty of the real middle American serving country with a minimum of personal aspiration, serving mother land with a maximum of unabashed patriotism.

David Brudnoy

Book Review

FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny

1882–1928

by Kenneth S. Davis
Putnam $15.00

IF NAPOLEON WAS right, if history is a myth that men agree to believe, then historians are the myth-makers who gather the facts which make the truths. The public, statesmen, even historians live within the world of those truths, arranging them so that the mysteries of life may be more easily understood. In this sense the attempt to "mythify" individuals, to reckon with their behavior, appeal, impact, has inspired the biographies which unceasingly deluge us. For better or worse the "movers" of history are mythified according to popular interest, available information, and the effect of their lives. Americans today—those studying international conflict, those yearning to sustain or destroy the images of political heroes, those convinced that current usurpations of political power have important precedents, those simply fascinated by trivia or nostalgia—recognize that U.S. presidents head the list of individuals whom historians and journalists most readily popularize. Kenneth S. Davis, responding to popular interest in one of "the most controversial and complex personality ever to occupy the White House," has made his contribution to historical mythology in ***FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny, 1882–1928***. This first volume, an account of Roosevelt's life down to the decision to run for governor of New York, is also a history of the political culture in which Franklin D. Roosevelt grew and ultimately emerged as its leader.

If book titles are indicative of more than an attempt to capture public attention, Davis introduces his theme immediately. The title suggests, and the author subtly maintains the theme, that Destiny, an almost unalterable, invincible, predetermined force, somehow fated FDR to greatness. From birth through the years until his bout with polio, FDR came to believe that national preeminence was inevitable. Davis' purpose is to relate the background and course of Roosevelt's road to national acclaim. But lest the reader conclude that this tome is 853 pages of Calvinist theology, one might note that Davis' book is the result of careful study, especially of available secondary materials. He acknowledges his debt to such important scholarly works as James MacGregor Burns' ***Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox***, Frank Freidel's volumes, Joseph P. Lash's ***Eleanor and Franklin***, as well as the reminiscences of Josephus Daniels, Frances Perkins, Eleanor Roosevelt, and many others. In so far as FDR believed Destiny beckoned him to greatness, Davis shows how Roosevelt's environment, personality, and the accidents of history attested to this thesis.

Just what part heredity took in determining FDR's personality is difficult to say, but the circumstances of birth and childhood must have been critical. The Roosevelt ancestry and heritage, the social position of his parents, the special relationship between mother and son, were the founding elements of Roosevelt's personality. Add the spiritual growth provided by Endicott Peabody at Groton and the pressures for social achievement at Harvard, and Davis' insistence on the importance of early character formation is clearly justified.

Davis emphasizes the ***noblesse oblige*** environment in which FDR was reared, the early exposure to politics ("Little man, I am making a strange wish for you," said President Grover Cleveland to the five-year-old Franklin, "It is that you may never become President"), and Roosevelt's subtle rebellion against maternal dominance ("Please don't make any more arrangements for my future happiness," he once wrote his mother). What emerged, Davis stresses, was a personality founded in determination—to learn, to grow, to overcome and achieve.

Never showing signs of intellectual genius, FDR succeeded because of indomitable will, although Davis also notes the special influence of Cousin Theodore: "The boy's admiration of the colorful 'Teddy' became a motivating force: his identification of himself with his famous distant cousin bolstered his self-confidence and suggested, albeit vaguely, a possible career." "By this time Franklin Roosevelt habitually measured himself and his progress against the personality and career of his famous Cousin Theodore." And despite the energy expended to compare the mind and personality of the two cousins, Davis makes a rather peculiar contrast: "There was a strong element of the feminine in his makeup and . . . this was the principal difference, so far as character and personality were concerned."

Roosevelt's political education, from state senator in New York to assistant secretary of the navy to his unsuccessful vice-presidential campaign, helped his development. Demonstrating the courage to tackle Boss Murphy and Tammany Hall, slow to recognize the problems of urban workers and farmers, shrewd enough to align with Progressive Democrats and Woodrow Wilson, mastering the craft of manipulation and dissimulation to make headway against Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and above all learning the art of political "style" as vice-presidential nominee in 1920, Roosevelt became acutely perceptive of his political skills. Devoted less to principle than expediency, he made his way as much through the efforts of Louis Howe

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and Eleanor as through his own political abilities. Recognizing his power to charm colleagues, opposition, and constituents, Roosevelt plotted the road to the White House as early as 1920—detours, setbacks, failures notwithstanding.

Davis examines the reality of Roosevelt's illness as well as the legend of "spiritual transformation" to which some historians have attested. Rejecting the idea that Roosevelt underwent a spiritual rebirth and purification through suffering a "personal Gethsemane," that he came to believe Providence had intervened and saved him from death as a sign of his "chosen" work in the world, Davis measures the change in FDR brought about by physical disability. "The percentage increase of seriousness, integrity, tenacity, understanding of self and others . . . was little, if any greater than that which occurred during his time of troubles in early 1920 and the subsequent campaign for the Vice Presidency. From this point of view, if polio was a 'blessing in disguise,' it was largely for reasons having nothing to do with interior change." That FDR may have used his handicap to advantage might indicate perspicacity, but Davis considers Roosevelt's personality almost totally formed prior to the crippling illness: "he himself remained essentially the same as before .... He was only further confirmed in vital principles, traits, tendencies already firmly established . . ."

FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny is readable, if interminable; informative, if only collating the best of other books on FDR; and qualitatively as perceptive as most biographies. But the book leaves the reader with some uncertainties. Was the Roosevelt of 1936 and 1945 (to be described in future volumes) the same as the Roosevelt of 1914, 1920, and 1928, only wiser, more serene, more sophisticated? Will Davis' evidence for later years be as dependent on "he must have thought" analyses? Most important, is it valid to suggest that Roosevelt was destined for greatness? That he achieved it is, of course, undeniable. Or is it a myth?

Joyce Goldberg

The Exorcist & The Sting

WHILE I WAS waiting in a long, cold line to get into *The Exorcist*, a girl who was with a group of people behind me detached herself from the group and went to sit on a stone stoop.

"Hey, I hope you freeze your tail off," one of her friends said.

"Hey, I hope you get a hemorrhoid," one of her male friends said.

When I got inside the theater and *The Exorcist* started, the dialogue did not get any better. But the movie was terribly scary.

The Exorcist is a movie which is so bad that one must stand back and watch the full scope of the retreat on which it has led modern moviemaking to fully understand its significance.

Such story as there is concerns the devil's taking up residence in a human body. And not just any old body. The devil enters the body and soul of a lovely, not-yet nubile twelve-year-old girl. She is the daughter of a movie star who is temporarily living in Washington, D.C., in a mansion in Georgetown.

(Why the devil, who could presumably go anywhere, should go to Washington is never explained, which is just as well.)

We know that the girl is inhabited by a devil when she starts urinating on the floor and talking dirty. She also does many other stunts, such as vomiting upon people far across the room and twisting her head all the way around in a circle.

Well, what's a mother to do?

She takes the tyke, whose name is Regan, to a series of doctors who suspect brain damage and put the child and the devil through a series of medical procedures which make anything the devil does look positively beatific by comparison.

Of course they find nothing and neither does a psychiatrist, whom Regan knocks across the room with a single punch. So Regan has to go to the hospital for the insane, where nothing can be done either. Finally someone has the presence of mind to suggest an exorcist from the Holy Mother Church, and then the contest begins.

While all of this has been going on, there is a parallel plot about Damien Karras, S.J., a psychiatric priest, whose job it is to treat priests who think they have lost their "vocation" while he is rapidly losing his.

All of this is about half as exciting as an examination in trigonometry. But the movie is punctuated at regular intervals by individual horror events, such as the highly touted scene in which Regan abuses herself with a crucifix.

That is the problem.

The whole movie is just a backdrop for one horrible event about every seven minutes—a beating, some super-filthy language, vomiting, tons of blood. The movie is just a carnival of scary scenes. It is strung together without any sensible connective tissue whatever. All of the scenes between the horror are pure filler. They are utterly unmemorable and serve only as prelude to each new shock.

Basically, the show has no more plot or development than would a visit to a freak show. The movie would have been just as good (bad) had the theater simply gone dark for a few minutes between each violent scene. That way the contrast between the scary scenes and the vacant interludes would have been even more stark.

The Exorcist is a good movie for those who want to be scared for a few minutes. But for anyone who believes that movies should be about the development of human life and should elucidate anything about the human condition, or even that movies should be clever or witty, *The Exorcist* is a serious setback. It simply is only a series of gory tableaux. A typical spaghetti western is like Othello in terms of plot by comparison with *The Exorcist*.

If only there were some way to exorcise garbage like *The Exorcist* from the filmic system and put it in circus sideshows, where it belongs, the movies would be far better off.

Far more subtly destructive is *The Sting*. While it does not matter who starred in *The Exorcist*, it is vitally important to know that for *The Sting* George Roy Hill directed Robert Redford (Robert Redford! Far out!) and Paul Newman (Wow! Paul Newman!). That is the same team who conquered time and space in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

This time Redford and Newman get together to play two confidence men during the Depression who set out to swindle a gangster out of a large sum of money.

The film is richly and lushly atmospheric. Just seeing Newman and Redford in their wide-brimmed hats and wasp-waisted suits is enough to guarantee a very substantial box office. But *The Sting* gives the audience much more than that.

It has wonderful supporting characters, excellent sets, and a plot which is both its doing and its undoing. The gangster whom Redford and Newman want to con, a blustering Irishman lovingly called "The Big Mick," has killed a friend of Redford. Money is so precious to the Irishman that the con men figure it would hurt him more to take his money than his life.

They somehow get together the money to put on a truly elaborate display for swindling the Big Mick. In the meantime, a hired killer is stalking Robert Redford. As a wonderful bow to the women's rights movement, the torpedo is a woman. The friendship between Redford and Newman grows extremely intense, and it is authentically upsetting when it begins to look as if one is going to sell out the other. At those moments the movie takes on an air of tragedy and starts to tell us something about the limits of friendship and the motive power of fear.

But then comes the cutesie-pie clever

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ending, with Newman and Redford in each other's arms and everyone in the audience astonished and delighted.

It is at just that point that *The Sting* plays its swindle on the audience. It is not the human tragedy we had been led to believe. Instead it is just a mockery of human tragedy, people pretending to be pretending to have human failings and weaknesses. At that point, *The Sting* shows us that what we took to be humans were just actors after all. And with its happy ending and invincible characters, the movie loses its humanity and becomes a big confidence game of its own. It had me convinced that it was the genuine article—a good movie. It turned out to be a theatrical movie made for television. □

Book Review

Fear and Loathing

On the Campaign Trail '72

by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson
Straight Arrow $7.95

DURING THE DISMAL months of our last national hustings, Hunter S. Thompson dispatched to *Rolling Stone* magazine a series of columns which have since been put between the covers of *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72*, a book of some 500 pages which, not surprisingly, has attracted the attention of some of our more culturally destitute literati.

I say not surprisingly because Thompson's book is a natural to fetch the likes of Kurt Vonnegut Jr., J. Anthony Lucas, Nicholas von Hoffman, Seymour Krim, *Saturday Review*, and the *Nation*—all of whom have heaped uncalled-for praise upon its undeserving head.

The author's credentials are impressive indeed. A one-time candidate for sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado, on the "Freak Power" ticket who has become an inspiration to New Left journalists already disenchanted with the staidness of Tom Wolfe, he embodies all the virtues to which the above-mentioned aspire.

Childishly disrespectful, boastfully ignorant of his subject ("political analysis never was my game anyway. . . ."), defiantly egregious, he has successfully applied to the so-called New Journalism all the tenets of the Trousered Ape school of modern fiction.

His first book, *Hell's Angels: A Savage and Terrible Saga* (1967), was a first-hand account of riding with and getting "stomped" by motorcycle morons. His second, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream* (1972), recalls dope-induced capers at a police convention on narcotics and dangerous drugs. His third, the book before us, chronicles thirteen months of "madness" on the scent of the candidates, during which our hero gives his press card to a "gin-soaked crazy" who tugs at Muskie's legs during speeches from "Victory Special," interviews McGovern as the two stand, preoccupied, at urinals, and reveals Muskie's "addiction" to Ibogaine, an exotic Brazilian drug.

On top of which, Thompson is unashamedly partisan (Nixon, he writes, "represents the dark, venal and incurably violent side of the American character almost every country in the world has learned to fear and despise"), and he writes very badly. What more could one ask?

Conceived as a "high-speed cinematic reel-record of what the campaign was like *at the time*, not what the whole thing boils down to or how it fits into history," *Fear and Loathing* can be more accurately described as a solipsistic picture of what the author's disordered mind was like *at the time*, and little more.

The troubles with *Fear and Loathing* are many. Besides being repetitious and silly, the author's frequent phantasms—such as the Ibogaine episode—destroy whatever faith the reader may once have had in Thompson. There is simply no way of telling what one can and cannot believe and as a result Thompson's book can at best only amuse, however mildly, and never truly entertain.

Fear and Loathing's main fault stems from its author's serious intellectual deficiencies: plagued by a juvenile self-consciousness, Thompson over and over calls to mind the image of a little boy making a pint-sized muscle or boasting, see-what-I-got-away-with: "It was dark when we took off from Long Beach. I was standing in the cockpit with a joint in one hand and a glass of Jack Daniels in the other. . . ."

Unable to judge what is and what is not important, he continually turns back to himself, and so opts for the latter. Thompson's aren't-I-outrageous description of himself as a "weird-looking 35-year-old speed freak with half his hair burned off from overindulgence," betrays this masturbatory delight in self that, more than anything else, seems to be the true theme of *Fear and Loathing*.

As a result, we are continually told less about the campaign itself than about Thompson's ostensibly hilarious antics. He strives to convince the reader of how much more daring, how much more hip, and how much more on top of things he can be, than the rest of those dismal rubes out there on the hustings. When he succeeds at being shocking and outrageous, his glee knows no bounds. After shouting at the NBC booth during the Republican convention: "You evil scumsucker! You limp-wristed Nazi moron!" he describes what followed:

"I went deep into the foulest back-waters of my vocabulary for that trip, working myself into a flat-out hate-frenzy for five or six minutes and was drawing smiles of approval from some demonstrators. They were dutifully chanting the slogans that had been assigned to them in the Ready Room—but I was really into it, and I could see that my zeal really impressed them."

Or, in a similar vein: "Rosenbaum stared at me. There was shock and repugnance in his eyes—as if he had just recognized me as lineal descendent of Judas Iscariot."

This false bravado is the key to Thompson's literary style as well. What first appears to be striking and graphic prose, full of much verve and bubble, at second glance looks very much like the exaggerated and melodramatic prosifying that high school instructors of journalism tell their budding sportswriters not to compose.

Of the Super Bowl, for example, Thompson writes: "They came together on a hot afternoon in Los Angeles, howling and clawing at each other like wild beasts in heat . . . They were twenty-two men who were somehow more than men . . . They were giants, idols, titans."

This kind of writing is bad enough here, I grant you, but translated into the lackluster world of modern electoral politics, it is more often ludicrous than, as Thompson would have it, trenchant.

Of a Wallace speech, he writes: "The air was electric even before he started talking, and by the time he was five minutes into his spiel, I had a sense that the bastard had somehow levitated himself and was hovering over us. He jerked the crowd in Serb Hall around like he had them all on wires."

Or this: "Sending Muskie against Nixon would have been like sending a three-toed sloth out to seize turf from a wolverine."

And finally, on the possibility of a Kennedy-Lindsay floor fight: "If nothing else, it would turn the Democratic National Convention in Miami this July into something like a week-long orgy of sex, violence and treachery in the Bronx Zoo."

However humorous these words may be (to some), they are not words to describe our colorless American politicoes nor the dingy if quasi-respectable world in which they move. To Thompson, they are not mere buffoons, silly and fourth-rate fellows eager to stake out spots at the public trough; they are, instead, heinous bloodsuckers and rabid beasts (Nixon, he writes, "speaks for the werewolf in us; the bully, the predatory shyster who turns into something unspeakable, full of claws and bleeding sting-warts, on nights when the moon comes too close. . . ."). The two great parties are not simply enormous and cumbersome contraptions whose sole function is to wrench jobs from one another and to maintain jobs wrenched; they are instruments of the Devil. The Democrats, whose otherwise healthful waters have been fouled with the likes of Humphrey, Jackson, and Muskie, are doomed to self-destruct. The Republicans are out to foist gangs of organized murderers on the nation and the world. As a result, when Thompson casts

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his eye upon a gaggle of party hacks entrenched in tawdry hoo-ha over the delivery of votes or the seating of delegations, he sees the War of the Worlds. He sees . . . Apocalypse. And he expresses it in this overwrought string of words which do not, after so long, describe much of anything unless it be the author's own vision of "madness and filigree."

Throughout *Fear and Loathing* runs the feverish notion, fostered by Thompson's overblown prose (reminiscent, really, of Howard Cosell) of the terrible significance of the shallow maneuverings going on about him, in caucus rooms and hotel suites. Convinced that these activities affect the very planets in their orbits, he propagates the idea that at any given moment the whole show will go up in smoke.

This is precisely the danger of throwing words together, as Thompson does, out of all proportion to their weight. They lose their meaning, and after wading through 500 pages of such abused and garbled verbiage, the reader no longer entertains any suspicions that the writher might, after all, have something to say and not merely a decorative way of disguising the fact that he does not. Secondly too much apocalypse, laid end-to-end, when in reality great cracks are *not* appearing in the earth's surface and the moon has *not* collided with the sun, tends to destroy any journalist's credibility.

So be it.

In closing I summon Aristophanes to dispatch Thompson and his book. "I will say this about his diction, it's ravine-like, hairy, mad-bull-like, crustacean, battering, craggy, shattering—and it makes no sense." Furthermore, he adds, it is "language to fry a man's brain." Which does not, I might add, take into consideration whether Thompson's brain was fried before or after he took pen in hand to give us this silly and worthless book.

Alan Crawford

Economic Illiteracy, Demagoguery, and Public Distrust

Lindley H. Clark Jr., the economic news editor of the Wall Street Journal, *initiated this column with four essays discussing the practice of business in America. The series attempted to bring to our readers' attention some of the problems inherent in doing business in America today. We are continuing this series now by publishing essays discussing the American condition from the perspective of individual businessmen. Each essay will be written by a businessman unless otherwise stated.*

The United States has provided greater abundance and longer schooling for more of its people than any other society in history. Its industrial way of life has been widely envied and copied throughout the world. Yet the vast majority of its own citizens are back in the Dark Ages as far as understanding how their economic system works.

With all the special emphasis given to education in recent years, we seem to have raised the level of economic illiteracy. The average person today hasn't the foggiest notion that there is a vital link between profits and jobs, and between profits, technology, and the standard of living.

The ABCs of American capitalism aren't very hard to comprehend. Nor do the basic principles change from one generation to the next. Yet continuously we hear public leaders—in government, education, labor, and the press—making or supporting foolish economic proposals that, if adopted, would cause untold damage and disruption.

The nation is in a period of great self-doubt. Its long-range interests would be best served if the public understood that our economic system a) is the fairest as well as the most fruitful in the world, b) belongs not to the chosen few but to everyone, c) *can* adapt to change, and d) preserves and promotes the almost limitless freedom of choice in daily living which has been denied to most other peoples.

1) *Is There Something Deeply Wrong in America?* This question was asked in a recent nationwide poll conducted by Louis Harris and Associates. For the first time since the 1968 assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, a majority of Americans—53 percent—answered in the affirmative.

The interviewers also found that most Americans lack confidence in the leadership of nearly every major sphere of activity. This distrust is not merely the product of Watergate. It has been growing since the early 1960s.

2) *The Seeds of Public Distrust:* Why does the public hold its institutions in such low esteem? Is it simply because Americans are becoming more cynical as their society comes of age? Or are deeper reasons involved?

For years now, the prize of public opinion has been sought by one group, such as elected officials, charging another group with a serious lack of moral integrity. The blasts, played up in the media, are leveled for their emotional appeal and seldom contain any debate on the substantive issues involved. So it's impossible for most people to separate the wheat from the chaff. Some of the factors behind present antibusiness attitudes are:

a) *Economic Illiteracy:* Today's high school graduates know next to nothing about the system on which their whole economic future depends. With all the frill subjects offered, few secondary schools in the country provide any instruction at all in this important area.

Recently, for example, the superintendent of education in a western state wanted to institute a mandatory course in capitalism for the high school system. Since virtually no material was available on this subject, he asked forty economics professors in the three state universities for their help. Of these, only two were willing to say they believed in free enterprise and would assist in designing the course.

At the college level, what passes for instruction about our system is often prejudicial. To illustrate, a textbook used in an eastern university opens by saying: "Capitalism stinks. We can only solve our social problems by doing away with capitalism and the institutions that support it." Most texts are less biased, but only a few give a balanced view of real-life economic forces and problems.

b) *Lack of Perspective:* Journalists have been placing far more emphasis on their zeal for reform than on informing the public. Their comments on business are nearly always devoid of perspective that would shed light on the subject.

For example, a *New York Times* editorial cited the nearly 50 percent gain in oil company earnings during last year's first nine months as supporting the "need" for subjecting them to an excess profits tax. It didn't even mention that oil profits were poor in 1972 or that other depressed cyclical industries had bigger 1973 increases. Incidentally, the *New York Times* scored a 65 percent profit recovery—two-fifths more than the oil firms.

c) *Incessant Demagoguery:* A favorite tactic has always been to charge that big corporations make their profits out of tax loopholes or by bilking their employees and customers. Since the Arabs shut off the oil last October and nearly quadrupled the world price, the political demagogues have jumped on the bandwagon as an easy way to harvest votes from public dismay over higher oil and gasoline prices.

The senators now "investigating" the energy crisis are blaming the oil companies for the price boosts. We wonder if any of them are aware that—thanks largely to the industry's technological progress—the cost of gasoline has risen far less since 1957 than congressional salaries.

d) *Industry's Achievements Taken for Granted:* Whatever faults their managements may share with the rest of humanity, the oil companies *did* take the risks, invest the capital, and provide the energy at bargain prices which helped enable the

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Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Blazing Saddles:** Mel Brooks' spoof of western shoot-em-ups, starring Black Bart, the Negro sheriff (Cleavon Little), villain Hedley Lamarr (Harvey Korman), fast-gun Gene Wilder as the Kid, Brooks as a Yiddish-spouting Indian chief and a moronic governor (What? You say there are other kinds?), and assorted jokes as old as the hills, in a mostly flawed pastiche that at moments is incomparably hilarious. Madeline Kahn does the Dietrich put-down to end them all, as Lili von Shtupp the Teutonic Titwillow; Dom De Louise gives faggotry a bad name; and Frankie Laine vocalizes.

■ **Conrack:** Jon Voight as a hip modern Mr. Chips gone to a South Carolina sea island to teach "colored babies," as the fierce lady principal says. You cain't hardly emerge with a dry eye, honey-chile, it's *that* maudlin, but Voight is vibrant, the youngsters are the promise of Afro-Americanism and absolutely wonderful, and the dilemma of the individual versus encrusted societal regimentation gets another go-around, not entirely witless.

■ **The Exorcist:** The *debbil* made her do it! Hanging in there, for the season, most likely.

■ **The Great Gatsby:** F. Scott Fitzgerald's works have never had it so good on the screen before. Robert Redford wrings every last drop of vitality out of his role as the Midwestern parvenu become West Egg (Long Island) Croesus; Mia Farrow delicate and chirpy as Daisy Buchanan; Lois Chiles incomparably gorgeous as Jordan Baker; Bruce Dern flexes his muscles and cheats on his wife Daisy—his Tom Buchanan is the best acted role in the film, the cast of which is uniformly fine. I'm just about to run out and get *me* a pink rag of a suit too—and a cream-colored open car. *Gatsby* is lush, true to Fitzgerald's brilliant novel of 1920s decadence, and mark it well: we're in for at least a year of Gatsbymania.

■ **Mame:** Hm, let's see: first there was the book (1955), then the play *Auntie Mame* (1956), then Rosalind Russell in the *Auntie Mame* film (1958), then the stage musical *Mame* with Angela Lansberry, and now—they've juiced up Lucille Ball (age 62), shot her through enough gauze and fuzzy focus to reduce her to mush, and set her hopping through those tired old tunes for the umpteenth time. Bea Arthur zings as Mame's buddy Vera Charles, the sets are deliciously camp, but by now the tale has worn thin. Still and all, it is harmless froth and, damn it all, Ball makes it work, with no singing voice, the body of a gal half her age, and ain't *she* got fun.

■ **Serpico:** A bit rough around the edges, perhaps, but powerful in its delineation of the honest cop (a happy surprise) combating his unconscionably crooked peers. Al Pacino is super.

■ **The Spikes Gang:** Lee Marvin doing his grizzled old bandit number again, this time tying in with three innocent lads (Gary Grimes, Ron Howard, and Charlie Martin Smith, the last two out of *American Graffiti*) turning to crime for fun and profit. They all die in the end, and the film is dreadful, but compared to last month's *Billy Two Hats*, of the same general theme, it is princely.

■ **The Sting:** Newman, Redford, the thirties; lovable con men outwitting the baddies. Ho hum, it *does* become rather tedious, what with so many reincarnations of this blue-eyed twosome at the same game, but this one is fun, the plot is juicy, and it beats Oral Roberts revival meetings on the tube.

■ **Sunseed:** Ever wonder what happened to Timothy Leary's pal Dick Alpert, the LSD-guru? He's now shaggy and beatific and reborn as Baba Ram Dass. He and a bowlful of new consciousness swamis doing their thing, lovely to see, but it won't replace wife-swapping among the masses.

■ **The Super Cops:** Are you ready for just one more? I mean, just one more about the copper duo (here called Batman and, uh huh, Robin) picking their way through police corruption? If so, o.k. As for me, I'll take:

■ **The Three Musketeers:** Whatshisname's classic again, filmed here as high camp. Michael York, Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, Simon Ward, Raquel Welch (Raquel Who?), Charlton Heston as Moses, er, um, that is, Richelieu, plus fabulous sets, moments of fun, but don't say that seventeenth-century France was *all* sport and frolic.

■ **Where the Lilies Bloom:** See, you take TV's *The Waltons*, by Earl Hamner, Jr. Then you clone from that *Apple's Way*, by Earl Hamner, Jr. Then, just to make sure that the Hamners eat right this year, you construct yet another, shall we say warming, heart-rending tale of just plain folks. This one is of kids making do after their mountain daddy dies. It'll get you, be forewarned, but the trend is already a crashing bore.

■ **Zardoz:** The Future, with Sean (Bond) Connery beefy and robotish. Pretty colors, stupid dialogue, preposterous throughout.

U.S. economy to reach its present size and strength.

The drug industry—another perennial punching bag—is also being charged with gouging the public. It should instead be praised for *reducing* the average unit price of prescription drugs over the past decade, in contrast with what has happened to the price of almost everything else.

Profitability in this industry *is* higher than in most other businesses. And because it is, drug companies are able to invest heavily in the research needed to develop health-benefiting and life-saving products. U.S. firms are responsible for two-thirds of the 868 major medicines brought out between 1940 and 1969 and to which millions of Americans owe their lives.

3) *Some Basic Economic Facts:* The profit-and-loss system is under attack as never before. Most of what the public hears is coming from one side. It must be given *all* the facts. But it won't get them unless more businessmen speak out on the economic issues that apply not just to their own fields but to the whole system. Here are some facts the public needs to know:

a) The profits of all U.S. companies together have gone up, on average, by less than 5 percent a year since 1947. This is a little slower than the typical paycheck has increased and it is only about half as fast as total government spending has risen.

b) Unlike wages and taxes, profits often fluctuate widely from one year to another—both up and down. After the 1969–1970 recession, most companies' profit margins were the lowest since the 1930s. It was not until late 1972 that they began to move back to normal.

c) Profits and jobs tend to move together. When profits decline, companies are forced to cut back employment. When they increase, more hiring is done. The cyclical recovery in corporate earnings during 1972 and 1973 was largely responsible for the best kept economic secret of both years—the creation of a record *six million* new jobs.

d) Profits have the role of telling businessmen where to place their emphasis in converting labor, raw materials, and energy into useful products and services. In markets where profits are good, new producers are attracted and competition keeps prices in line. Where profits are poor or actual losses occur, competition stays away and directs its resources to more productive areas.

e) Over three out of every ten companies lose money each year. The ones that succeed in earning a profit receive an average net return of less than 5 percent on sales and 10–11 percent on invested capital—hardly the "windfalls" people think.

f) Nearly half of all profits are collected and spent by the government. About 40 percent of what remains is paid out to 31 million shareholders. Another 100 million people also benefit from the dividends received by such stock-owning institutions as insurance companies, mutual funds, trust accounts, pensions, and profit-sharing plans.

g) Virtually everyone, including the government, is helped by the profits that are reinvested within the companies. These funds finance expansion, create more jobs, and develop new ways of providing goods and services as efficiently as possible. All this lifts the nation's standard of living.

4) *A Postscript:* Aside from inflation, the economy must cope with two big problems in the years ahead—building more capacity in energy and raw materials and making room for 1.5 million additional workers each year. Neither problem can be solved unless profits, as determined by free and competitive markets, are allowed to fulfill their curcial role of adjusting output to the ever-changing demands of society. □

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A Liberal Looks at Theodore H. White

Soon after The Making of the President 1972 *had come out Bill Kristol and I were having lunch with Ben Wattenberg who was then just finishing his own book,* The Real America, *which will appear in September. For dessert we all chewed on Mr. White's analysis. I felt that Mr. White misperceived the Republican Party's essential conservatism, and that his discussion of public policy's failures would have been improved had he cited the work of men like Edward Banfield and Milton Friedman. Mr. Wattenberg came at White from a totally different perspective. Because this perspective is again a matter of serious public debate, and because Mr. Wattenberg is always thoughtful and often right, I recently held a similar conversation with him in Washington, which—in keeping with local custom—we taped. What follows is the authentic transcript of that historic conversation, emended only by the customary deletion of vulgarities and expletives—that this eliminates every single utterance made by me is admittedly history's loss. It had to be done to preserve editorial confidentiality.*

—RET

The Making of the President 1972

by Theodore H. White
Atheneum $10.00

THE FIRST THING one has to say about *The Making of the President 1972* is that Theodore White is a master at what he does. He does it better than anybody else. He originated this form, and he is able as are very few people in American letters either in fiction or in nonfiction to write an interesting book. And seeing as that is really the pay-off skill for any kind of a writer, journalist or novelist, it is an excellent book. He spins an interesting yarn. He does a fantastic amount of legwork. He is a skilled writer, and he has a fine narrative sense, a sense which is lacking in most journalists who attempt to go to the book form. They write a lot of newspaper pieces and stitch them together and say "here is a book." That is not what White does, and there is no question about the fact that he is the consummate master of his form—the piecing together of a presidential campaign.

Nonetheless, he does something else, because he is an ambitious and a thinking man. In each of his books he tries to tell you what's happening in America. And that is the interesting thing about the book over and above the straight election stuff. So he is in his own way not just a political reporter, but also a commentator on the American social scene. And here is where I have problems with this book. After acknowledging that it is a finely wrought narrative, that it is good reading, that White knows his politics, that he has done his research, I still have two specific bones to pick with him.

First, about what happened to our politics and secondly, about what happened to America during the past ten or so years.

It really wraps up into the same issue. It is the same question and it is what I have just written a book about, and so I am anxious to talk about it. The essential social premise of White's book is, first, that American life in the dozen years from 1960 to 1972 was on a downhill slope and represented some form of American failure. Second, he specifically says that politically it was *liberalism* that failed, and that *liberalism* in its failure dead-ended into McGovernism, a logical outgrowth of this American failure. The American failure not only involved Vietnam, it involved crime, it involved race riots, it involved cities, it involved this whole feeling of "being fed up," "being alienated," and all those other wonderful clichés that we have been hearing about. And if you accept that notion of American failure during the 1960s and early 1970s, you can then very easily make the political transference to say therefore the logical outgrowth of a failed liberalism was McGovernism. And McGovernism is what led to Nixonism or to the election of Richard Nixon, in the landslide proportions by which he was elected. This, as I see it, is essentially the intellectual underpinning of *The Making of the President 1972*. I disagree.

The book I have written, *The Real America* (coming out in September), takes very strong issue with the bedrock notion that the dozen years between 1960 and 1972 were years of failure and years of despair and years of bankruptcy. I think that whether you look at it in terms of the hard objective data or whether you look at it through the lens of public opinion data and attitudinal data, it is very mistaken to describe these years as years of despair punctuated with a few exclamation points of success. Rather, it was the other way around, years of success punctuated by a few exclamation points of failure. I think it is very important both politically and socially in terms of viewing what happened in this country to look at it in terms of this sort of a progression. In the 1960s, starting with the election of John Kennedy, the so-called liberal wing of the Democratic Party first set up a new kind of rhetoric. And what Kennedy said was "let's get America moving again." We want to help the poor, we want to help the blacks, we want to do things in civil rights, we want to do things for the elderly, medicare, the environment, the cities." Secondly, in the midsixties, mostly after Kennedy's death, partly by accident and partly because Johnson was somewhat of a legislative wizard (he was an activist who knew very well when the iron was ready for striking), Democrats legislated a watershed of social and economic legislation.

So you have two steps in the progression. You have rhetoric and you have rhetoric that led to specific legislation. The legislation pretty closely followed the rhetoric. The third step in this progression is to analyze the results of this legislation. If you look carefully at the 1970 census, looking at the hard-objective data of the dozen years between 1960 and 1972, you will see more social and economic progress in this country than has ever been seen before. We halved the poverty rate. The strides made in civil rights and in actual black economic progress and in black social progress in terms of integration, desegregation, jobs, housing, and education are impressive. Today, there are 726,000 black kids in college in America. About 9 percent of the college population in America is black, bearing in mind that blacks make up about 11 percent of the population, you are getting very close to parity. There are some cuts and passes in that that don't make it quite as good as it seems, but it is an astonishing story because ten years ago it was not 9 percent of the college population that was black; it was 2 or 3 percent. And you can go from income to housing, to the kinds of goods we own, to what kind of houses we live in, to where we live, to the number of washers, dryers, automobiles—all the things that have really come to represent middle-class life in America—and you find that in the last dozen years Americans have achieved in large measure what I have called this massive majority middle class.

Our present state has all the hallmarks of progress if you believe progress represents something better than what it replaces and if you believe that in a democratic society it is not up to elites to determine what constitutes truth, beauty, and progress, but up to the people themselves. If you were to catalogue the things people wanted in 1960, for instance, living in a suburb, owning a second automobile, owning a washer and a dryer, and sending their kids to college, and compare their 1960 aspirations with their situation today, you would have to conclude that in terms of what the people hoped for, this decade-or-so has been a success. The hard data indicates a tremendous amount of absolute progress in this country in the very terms of the Great Society rhetoric and the legislation that Teddy White considers so baleful.

Now, people say everyone feels lousy about it. If everything is so good, how come everything is so bad. They are fed up. They are alienated. There are some polls that support this, but it is interesting the way polls break down. First of all, if you ask people how they individually are doing, you get very high responses: "*I'm* okay, *my* kids are in good schools, *my* house is nice, *my* income is all right, *my* job is okay"—very high responses. It's not until you get to "What do you think of America," "How is the country going," that people start saying "We are in trouble."

There are a lot of problems in this country and around the world. Part of it, in my judgment, is exactly what I mentioned above. It is kind of a side effect of success. Some say it is the revolution of rising expectations. I would say that it is something a little different. It is the realization of realized expectations. In other words, if you take a man in 1960, making $8,000 a year, living in an urban house, owning one car (an old one), not owning a washer or a dryer, and not sending his kids

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to college and you view his equivalent situation today; you see a profoundly improved situation. His kid is going to college, he lives in the suburbs, he has two cars, he has a washer and a dryer and makes $12,000 a year. (Both those numbers, incidentally, are in constant 1972 dollars.) He might be mad, but he is not mad about his poverty. Rather he is mad about inflation. He has gotten the things he wanted in 1960 and how he must pay for them. Even if you increase real income about 50 percent, which is about what we did in this last dozen years, it is tight. People are trying to do a lot of things that they have not been able to do before, and they are economically behind the eight ball. Needs expand geometrically. You always need more than what you have. But my point is that this is the reality of realized expectations. That, in my judgment, is the source of much of the economic malaise.

Attitudinally, I do not know exactly what makes people say America is on the skid. Look through the attitudinal polls in America in terms of all those issues that the New Left or New Politics fanned to white heat: war and peace, civil rights, women's liberation, counterculture, environment, all these kinds of things. Today, they say America is a fascist, blue-collar, Joe six-pack nation, they won't make any progress, they're stuck in the mud. That's plain crap because what happened in those last dozen years is a tremendous amount of attitudinal change mostly halfway to what the Movement espoused. In other words, there's been a tremendous liberalization of civil-rights attitudes in this country. Ecology swept this country like the bubonic plague, the peace movement in many ways was accepted, though in many ways it was not accepted. On women's liberation, many of the basic precepts were adopted by men and women all over this country. The counterculture notions that we were a little too uptight, a little too materialistic, also hit home. Now, in each of these instances Americans have also drawn a line in the sand, saying so far and no further—"civil rights makes a lot of sense, busing and quotas I won't buy; America should not be the world's policeman—that makes sense; America should disarm unilaterally—doesn't make sense. It makes a lot of sense to avoid polluting our environment, but it makes no sense to throw away our automobiles and turn in our washers and dryers and put on sackcloth and ashes because we are using up too much of the world's resources." People are not buying nonsense. In every one of these instances they bought the basic, valid core notions and rejected the flamboyant, the far-out and the nonsensical. So there has been a tremendous attitudinal accommodation. And at the same time that "the movement" was changing America, America was changing "the movement." Members of "the movement" have learned that nonnegotiable demands could come from the other side also. Busing is not the wave of the future in this country, and they know it by now. Disruption is not the wave of the future in this country, and they know it now. Hard drugs are not the wave of the future in this country. A lot of their sillier notions were knocked out and they have learned that, I think.

So you try to sum this thing up: Has America succeeded? Has America failed? The answer I come to is that the objective data says we have succeeded. Attitudinally we have made great changes, tempered by common sense. Material success plus attitudinal change means progress to me. What the people wanted made sense without revolution, without repression, without riot. This has been a bubbling, turbulent, successful decade and the hero in this drama is the American people.

So, in my opinion, White's base premise that the 1960s was an era of failure which led to an era of political extremism, is simply wrong. This does not mitigate the fact that he spins a wonderful yarn, he has a lot of good stories, but his basic analysis of what has been happening in America, in my judgment, is flawed.

* * *

When President Johnson left office, they gave him a present. It was a big desk blotter listing all the bills passed during his five years in office. That made up about 460 different bills on every conceivable subject, social welfare, environment, race, cities, national wilderness, and so forth. There is no question that some of these did not work. There is no reason to think that in any government of men, 460 out of 460 programs are going to work. But what about the programs that worked, the ones that go unmentioned? I am thinking of medicare, the enormous increases in social security, and the tremendous change in the environment. Then there is education. Because of Great Society legislation, we opened a new junior college in this country every ten days for eight years. The number of kids going to college in this country went from 3 million to 8 million in a decade. It is easy for some to say that all these people should not be in college and they are really not equipped for college, but these people *wanted* to go to college. We believe in a society of self-determination and pollsters have reported authentically that the one thing Americans want in abundance is education. And the entire increase in recent years of people going to college has been to public colleges. This is a Great Society program that worked resoundingly well.

During the Johnson years some of the pollsters asked questions about "the programs." Are you in favor of medicare? Of aide to education? Of environmental laws? Then they would be asked the question: Do you approve of the Great Society? No, the Great Society is terrible, I am against the Great Society, would be the response. Everything that made up the Great Society they were for.

Well, this is something you live with in politics, and I am not one who believes that politics directs destiny in America, that it's all programs and the government controls everyting. The greatest antipoverty program that anyone knows anything about is still our economy, a stable one and one that has a lot to do with the business community. It has got to do with the psychology of the people of which any president or any Congress has relatively little to do with despite all the rhetoric we are hearing right now about how Richard Nixon can or cannot lead the nation. This nation can lead Richard Nixon a lot better than Richard Nixon can lead the nation and that's true with any president.

But politics still does have some role in social policy, and when I review the data I conclude that liberal Democratic politics worked. First came the lofty rhetoric, then the Great Society legislation, and finally results. Traditional liberal Democrats of the non-New Politics, non-McGovern-type did two things in the last dozen years. They got their people elected and they helped America. And if that is not what a political party is for, then what is it for? The McGovern people got this notion that politics has to do something beyond economics and beyond education. They thought that it had to deal with depersonalization and with automation, with bigness and with a whole lot of other things that even religion cannot solve. But politics is a limited tool. It can deal with certain kinds of things but it cannot deal with religious and emotional issues. That is cultural, even metaphysical politics. They lead you into cloudy and ominous political struggles and people in this country are too smart to buy such stuff. When White says that this is the natural outgrowth of liberalism, I am tempted to say he is dead wrong. But what I shall settle for saying is that we are going to find out in 1976 who was right. In 1976 we shall see whether McGovernism was the natural outgrowth of liberal politics or whether it was an aberration.

Ben J. Wattenberg

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Stay of Execution

by Stewart Alsop
J.B. Lippincott $8.95

LIFE HAD ALWAYS been good to Stewart Alsop. He was born with rich blue blood in his veins, which meant he could pronounce All-sop with a long, distinguished A. He was related to Franklin Roosevelt, which meant he would become a rather (long A, again) conventional New Dealer. And he attended Groton and Yale, which meant he belonged to the Eastern Establishment. When the war broke out he joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and this meant he survived it rather comfortably.

Alsop became a political columnist with an assist from his brother Joe, achieved national prominence with the ***Saturday Evening Post*** and later ***Newsweek***, and joined that elite corps (or is it that effete corps?) of journalists who control the news from their desks at the ***Washington Post***, or, more frequently, their luncheon tables at the Sans Souci. All of which means that if Spiro Agnew was still around and kicking, he would have called Alsop an impudent snob.

To complete the picture, Alsop has a happy marriage, a large handsome family, and a spacious home in the country. In short, he enjoyed the best that life could offer.

That is, he did until the morning of July 19, 1971. That morning, at his country home in Needwood, Maryland, Alsop suddenly found himself gasping for air and heard his heart pounding furiously. "Face it Alsop," he told himself then, "you're in trouble."

The only other time that Alsop had uttered those ominous words was one night during the war when he accidentally parachuted alone into occupied territory. Luckily, however, he was soon rescued and wound up happily ensconced in a chateau with pretty French girls. ***C'est la vie!***

But this second time, there would be no escape.

A day later, lying in a hospital bed, Stewart Alsop learned that he had acute myeloblastic leukemia and one year, possibly two, left to live.

Suddenly Alsop can't face it. Life is no longer worth living for. The treatment of leukemia is a drawn out, hideous process. The possibility of a cure is virtually nonexistent. Alone in his bed one night, he is overcome with fear and desperation: "Would it really be worthwhile to spend a month or more cooped up all alone in a laminar flow room, losing my hair and my flesh, either to die in the room or to emerge a bald skeleton and wait for death? Would it not be more sensible to reach for Hamlet's 'bare bodkin,' in the shape of sleeping pills? And then a sense of the reality of death crowded in on me—the end of a pleasant life, never to see Tish [his wife] or Andrew or Nicky or the four other children again, never to go to Needwood again, or laugh with friends, or see the spring come. There came upon me a terrible sense of aloneness, of vulnerability, of nakedness, of helplessness."

After the first shock of confronting death, however, a "kind of protective mechanism took over," as Alsop explains it. From that time on, he made an effort to close off his mind to the prospect of death. "In this way," Alsop says, "the unbearable becomes bearable and one learns to live with death by not thinking about it too much."

This means, of course, that you won't read much about death in his book other than to find out that there is always a little pea of fear that remains in the back of his mind.

Alsop does write a great deal about his disease. He refers to it as a battle in his bones, and manages to reflect upon it humorously at times. Borrowing a page from Churchill, he writes to a friend: "We will fight amongst the platelets, we will fight in the bone marrow. We will fight in the peripheral blood, we will never surrender." But having written this, he breaks down into tears.

The Great American Moment

It was 2 o'clock in the morning at Roosevelt House, the gradiose modern pile that serves as the U.S. ambassador's residence in New Delhi. Most of the guests had gone home, but the strains of "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" echoed through the chandeliered vastness of the main reception room. As the Indian servants looked on in silent disapproval, a man in a polka-dot bow tie led a woman in a graceful dance step atop a varnished coffee table. The woman was visiting journalist Claire Sterling. The man was the American ambassador to India, Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

—*Newsweek*
March 18, 1974

The clinical record he maintains is at times intriguing, because his disease is a peculiar brand of leukemia. It is an elusive enemy, at times breaking out in a full attack, at times disappearing. This leaves Alsop in a state of flux or what he describes as a "hell-to-heaven-to-purgatory existence." When his blood counts rise and he is given to expect the possibility of a cure, he feels wonderful: "I felt as though I wanted to feel life with my hands, and see it, and smell it, and taste it, and breathe it down deep inside myself."

But when his white cell counts are down ("the grizzled, battle-hardened survivors of a once mighty army"), he enjoys nothing. "I didn't want to die, but I didn't want desperately not to die," he confesses.

His humor still remains intact, however. At one point when the peculiar disease has his doctor stumped, Alsop offers his own theory. It sounds strangely familiar. "I think," says Alsop, "God was wrestling with the Devil every night and finally threw him out of my body."

"That's as good a theory as any we have," replies his young doctor. (Isn't that how Ziegler responded to Haig?)

Although the disease can at times be interesting, there is probably too much about it. The author is right in assuming that most sensible readers will become bored with hemoglobin, megakaryocytes, or platelets.

But he is also right in assuming that the reader will find some interest and amusement in reading about another subject Alsop devotes a good bit of the book to—his life. Alsop possesses a rich and varied store of tales about his experiences during the war, his career as a journalist, the public figures he has met (everyone from Churchill to Rubin), and his personal friends and family. He has saved some of the best of them for this "sort of memoir." In fact, I found myself skipping over a few pages of hemoglobin, megakaryocytes, and platelets just to get to them. He is an able raconteur.

Yet he will not deal with that one all intriguing subject—death.

What is it about death that Alsop fears? What meaning does death have? What, if anything, is beyond death? These are questions that go unanswered.

He goes to church once, perhaps to find some answers. "I am not a religious man," he says, "but I think when nobody's looking I'll drop into a church tomorrow and say a prayer."

But once inside the church, he feels embarrassed. It is perhaps the embarrassment that one feels in asking for something that one does not quite feel deserving to receive. "I have been an agnostic since I was about eighteen. I am an agnostic still."

He finds himself thinking of that childhood poem, "The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out./They crawl all over your face and snout./They make a helluva mess of you . . ." That he says seemed to him a more likely prospect than life after death.

But he is not totally satisfied with that explanation either. "And yet-and yet," he hesitates remembering another verse slightly more elegant from ***Hamlet***, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Alsop will not say there is no God, he will only say he does not know whether there is a God. "There is certainly a mystery out there somewhere," he concludes.

This need to believe in something spiritual, but not being able to do so perhaps accounts for those feelings of "aloneness, of vulnerability, of nakedness, of helplessness" that Alsop felt when he first confronted death. Because without a faith in something beyond just ourselves, without a hope of something beyond just our life, then we are trapped. We must eventually surrender. There is no chance of victory over death.

Alsop can only tell us that while it may be difficult at first, one does come to terms with death. It is for each of us to eventually decide what those terms will be.

Suzanne C. Cox

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Current Wisdom

DECLINE AND FALL: Political and economic analysis produced by the esoteric mind of a latent crank caller, Tom Hayden:

Rule by the rich has created a country whose economy can't check inflation though thousands have malnutrition, a country unable even to provide enough energy to run itself.

—*Playboy*
April, 1974

HOLLYWOOD HEURISTICS: Jane Fonda, cheesecake radical, poses another thoughtful question, illustrative of her awesome intellect and swell personality:

Why did Nixon make heroes of the P.O.W.s, not the 50,000 men who died there? Could it be that voices from the grave can't congratulate the President on peace with honor?

—*Playboy*
April, 1974

THE GENIUS: Three golden moments with the intellectual from UCLA's sweatshop, Bill Walton:

I don't like being with older people. No man should be allowed to be president after he's 35.

I want to do more with my life than just win a few games. I'd like to make more of a contribution to mankind.

Material things don't mean much to me . . . . I could live in a camper. That way I could live out in the open away from most people.

—*Chicago Daily News*

THE REALPOLITIK OF THE PURE OF HEART: Mary McCarthy, our modern American de Stael, adumbrates an image of the awesome puissance that she holds over foreign powers and potentates:

Looking back, I can see that Risner's behavior that day was consonant with his having been tortured. Had I thought so then, I hope I would have tried to do something about it. Published my impression or gone to the North Vietnamese to warn them that this had to stop, in the name of humanity and their own best interests.

—*New York Review of Books*
March 7, 1974

FOCUS ON FAITH: The simple faith of Mary McCarthy, intellectual:

It is hard for me to believe that the North Vietnamese leaders (those I have seen anyway) would not find the abuse and degradation of captive men morally repugnant.

—*New York Review of Books*
March 7, 1974

RADICAL CHIC: A glimpse into the heroic class struggle as fought out in the Colossus of the North nowadays:

New Republic magazine's new owner is a socialist millionaire professor who drives a Porsche sports car plastered with "McCarthy for President" stickers.

—*Christian Science Monitor*
March 27, 1974

"Whom the gods destroy, they

first make mad" — Euripides

TV's WONDERFUL WORLD: A recent trip to Dick Cavett's zoo as reported by Patricia Simmons:

The program's barrage of revolutionary rhetoric begins with Tom Hayden, a cofounder of the Students for a Democratic Society, who tells Cavett he believes young people should get the franchise at age 14 and that it should be taken away from all adults when they reach a certain age.

Only last month Hayden and his wife, Jane Fonda, refused to participate on WTTG's *Panorama* talk show which happened to be co-hosted that day by Jeffrey St. John, unless they could be on it alone without other scheduled guests. Further, Hayden and Fonda demanded to be on with only co-host Maury Povich, and with the understanding that "Povich would not challenge them." Result? They were dropped from the show.

In introducing Abbie Hoffman tonight, Cavett points out his arrest last year on a charge of selling cocaine to U.S. undercover agents. Hoffman launches into a plug for the women's liberation movement and for his books—on which, incidentally, he blamed the arrest. He had to "research" narcotics for one of the books, he said.

Jerry Rubin sprinkles his anti-government talk tonight with the importance of "eating the right foods," doing yoga every day and the great things the women's movement is accomplishing.

Yet it is very much the same Rubin who caused an uproar on David Frost's show in 1970 when he lit up a "joint" and offered it to Frost.

That was the night Rubin told Frost that he and his followers wanted to topple Western society and replace it with one, not oriented to money. Frost made headlines with his response asking Rubin why he then had demanded "twice the fee" normally paid show guests. Things got to such a point Frost left the stage in protest and took a seat in the audience.

—*Washington Star-News*
March 21, 1974

PLAYPEN POLITICAL THEORY: Visionary political aspirations of a feminist Plato as recorded in the pages of one of America's most prestigious freedom journals:

I look, perhaps a bit naïvely, to the black lesbian to bring about an end to division between black and white heterosexual feminists. I find this black/white hostility in the women's movement infinitely depressing.

—*Off Our Backs*
February, 1974

ALL AMERICAN GIRL: The definitive description of an ordinary child of the seventies, laid down by the incomparable *Newsweek*:

If Patty Hearst was the central figure in the drama, she was also the most enigmatic. Until her abduction, she seemed an almost ordinary child of the '70s—and open, easy-going California girl given to jeans and sandals, Paul Simon records and touch-football games with Steve and his friends. If her tastes were expensive—Persian rugs, for example—they were tasteful. She seemed little affected by her family's wealth and position. By all accounts, the couple lived quietly together in their Berkeley flat, tending their cats and potted plants, occasionally inviting a small circle of friends over for a glass of wine and a little pot, or zipping off on weekends in Patty's perky blue MG to the Hearsts' secluded cabin at Lake Tahoe, And lately she had been busying herself with plans for their wedding this June.

—*Newsweek*

THE CHARNEL NATION OF THE FUTURE: A fresh new assessment of life in a giant morgue, served up by the visionary Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, Inc.:

The atmosphere in which the Chinese worker lives seems to be a healthy one, a place where a worker can grow and develop into a well-rounded person.

—*China! Inside the People's Republic*

WORLD HISTORY: The remarkably learned rock virtuoso, Mr. Roger Daltrey, philosophizes with one of the *Washington Post*'s resident sages:

Daltrey began to talk about the Rolling Stones. Everyone agreed that the Stones were qualitatively nowhere near The Who. Roger began to talk about the dangers of rock music. This conversation precipitated dissension within the ranks.

"Bloody politicians are $!&?7/8 terrified of rock music," sighed Daltrey. "And they're &%$ right. The field is wide open—wide open for some bloody Adolf 'itler to take over and make every bloody bloke in the $!&?7/8 audience go 'Sieg 'eil.'"

The reporter from *Crawdaddy* shook his head. "Oh no, Roger. That can't happen. Rock music doesn't give that kind of message. You're just telling people to enjoy themselves."

But Daltrey was adamant. "It could 'appen, though. 'itler, 'e was a bloody genius."

"And 'e told the people the Jews were ripping them off. Which," Daltrey added soberly, "was absolutely true. Of course 'e was 'orrible. 'itler was scarey. But 'e got to the Germans."

"But," said the *Crawdaddy* reporter, "that isn't your message."

Daltrey sighed heavily, and thought about that for a while. "You're right," he said finally. "The 'oo's message is there is no bloody message. That's the only 7/&?! message there is."

—*Washington Post*
December 7, 1973

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Correspondence

To the Editor:

I thought the "Great American Saloon" by Aram Bakshian, Jr. (April, 1974) was delightful. It really reflected the flavor of the bar and its customers. In fact, it was the best thing of its kind I've seen written about the National Press Club in a long time.

Clyde LaMotte, President
National Press Club
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor:

I thoroughly enjoyed your April issue editorial on the "intellectualoids" permeating American campuses. At Fordham, we have a rather large contingent of these intellectual cavaliers who ramble on, employing the worn-out slogans of the Dylan-Baez epoch. Among them are sprinkled a healthy proportion of faculty who are "lost forever in fantasies about his intellectual and moral superiority." Attuned to the wavelenghts of modern youth, three of my professors tied in their course to the moral challenge of Watergate—the courses being Introduction to Aristotle, Basic Reporting, and Ideological Revolt, 1850–1970. My Spanish professor has yet to comment on El Presidente Nixon.

I recently showed *The Alternative* to a liberal friend of mine and his response was "Who are these f------?" So continue to be shocking and outlandish!

Christopher O'Brien
Yonkers, New York

To the Editor:

The Alternative has committed some remarkable blunders in its off-and-on (usually on) apologetics for the Nixon Administration, but Benjamin Stein's attempt to use Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on Nixon's behalf (March 1974 issue) takes the cake.

"If we make our President so weak and powerless by harping on whether he knew that a certain conversation was held on a certain date that he cannot lead us to stand against a system that starves men to death because they satirize the government . . ." Nixon *lead* us against the Soviets? Where has Mr. Stein been these past five years? One vaguely recalls that Nixon once tried to lead us against those communists who were willing to sit and wait for him within twenty miles of the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border; and more recently he led us against treaty terms which failed to provide a sufficient fig leaf for our withdrawal from Indo-China. That is the only leadership Nixon has given us. Sure, his carping critics have prevented him from leading. But at every point Nixon has invited, and reveled in, the presecution about which he and his apologists like so much to complain. He, every bit as much as his liberal persecutors, raised the stakes of Watergate to the point that he is now trapped by the ever-escalating revelations. It is much too late now to turn back the clock on Watergate.

Nixon's sole defense, his sole self-justification, is that he is indispensable to our "progress" toward a "generation of peace." In order thus to defend himself, he must rationalize, perpetuate and thus extend the policies which have brought about America's remarkable decline over these past five years. Those who will lead us against the politics of sell-out are those carping critics in Congress who opposed the wheat deal, amended SALT I, and tried to help Solzhenitsyn.

Ira L. Straus
Alberto R. Coll
Cochairmen, The Princeton Committee for Solzhenitsyn and Freedom in the Soviet Union
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor:

Timothy Wheeler's "The Energy Crisis Is Not a Crisis" (*The Alternative*, April, 1974) was a marvelous little satire, a very amusing spoof of *laissez-faire* economics. It might have been prudent, however, to preface the article with an editor's note identifying it as just that, since there may yet be a few Americans, even among the distinguished readership of *The Alternative*, who labor under the misapprehension: 1) that there actually exists a free market in the private sector, containing many entries who compete faithfully and vigorously with each other, constantly improving their efficiency and the quality of their goods and lowering prices as a result of their increasingly well-honed operations; 2) that the demand for foods, petroleum products, and the like is admirably elastic, in which a few months of nationwide malnutrition or freezing or immobilization, attended benignly by a small, well-constrained government, will bring those nasty prices down right smartly; that, unlike those unspeakable politicians, America's "sellers" (read chain stores, distributors, conglomerates, agribusiness, the oil cartel) are forthright, wholesome, honest workmen doing their best against equally estimable competitors to win the flinty-eyed buyer's custom.

I especially liked that touch about Abe Lincoln and the paper money. Looks like ol' Abe wasn't so "honest" after all, huh! (wink, chuckle).

You must really print more such humor. It's such a refreshing change from all those depressingly serious pieces where people are trying to figure out what the hell's wrong.

Paul Mathless
Washington, D.C.

What gives you the idea something is wrong?
—RET

To the Editor:

Congratulations to James Grant for his story on the Hotel Algonquin in the "Great American Saloon Series" (March issue). Surely that Hotel, its postage-stamp size bar, and its two magnificent dining rooms are musts for anyone visiting New York. Thanks too for his mention of the Algonquin Round Table and its famous guests. Unfortunately, today there is too little interest in the wit and wisdom of that fabulous crew (particularly Robert Benchley, who is today undeservedly little read). I hope Mr. Grant's article has served to help stir up some new interest in the works and lives of those literary giants of the twenties.

David A. Pietrusza
Amsterdam, New York

To the Editor:

I am flattered by Professor Seifert's praise of Accuracy in Media's achievements (*The Alternative*, April, 1974). In the interests of truth, however, I rate RET as the best of editors and the readers of *The Alternative*, thanks to him, as the brightest and most knowledgeable.

Here are the cold facts. We have placed ads in the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Star*, and the *Washington Post*. The financial results of our appeals there for support ran from 1 to 30 percent of the cost of the ads. The ad we placed in *The Alternative* netted THREE TIMES THE COST.

Vive humor, satire, and *The Alternative*!

Abe Kalish
Executive Secretary,
Accuracy in Media
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor:

Just a note to congratulate you on your April 1974 issue. In my (notoriously unreliable) opinion, it is your best yet. Congratulations to you.

Neal B. Freeman,
Vice President and Editor
King Features Syndicate

To the Editor:

Just a quick note to let you know that the consensus among those law students here in Indianapolis who can read is that the May *Alternative* is doubtlessly the best magazine ever printed in the Western (and therefore the entire civilized) world.

Carl Miller
Indianapolis, Indiana

To the Editor:

Have you considered reprinting Lindley Clark's series on the "Business of America"?

I'd like to get copies if you have them. It's a damn sight (dam site?) cheaper than subscribing to the *Wall Street Journal*.

Tim Baer
Pompano Beach, Florida

To the Editor:

The description of a Turing Machine given by Neil Howe in his review of Hugh Kenner's *The Counterfeiters* (May, 1974) is inaccurate. A Turing Machine is an abstract mathematical model of the process of computing. Such a model was first proposed by Turing in 1936 in his paper "On Computable Numbers with an Application to the *Entscheichunoss* Problem" (Proc. London Math. Society, vol. 42, p. 230–65; vol. 43, p. 544–46). Subsequently in 1950, after the appearance of the stored-program general-purpose computer, an attempt was made by Turing to give a definition of machine intelligence ("Computing Machinery and Intelligence," *Mind*, vol. 59, p. 433–60). According to Turing a machine could be called intelligent if it was able to fool a human questioner into thinking that the answers it gave were the answers of a human being and not a machine. Such a machine does not exist.

Turing Machines, however, do exist and can be defined in a precise mathematical way. They are accurate models of computers since several other abstract models proposed by others, such as Post and Markov, have been shown to be equivalent to Turing Machines. These abstract machines can mimic the behavior of actual computers. If an actual computer were programmed to behave in a manner which would cause a human questioner to mistake it for a human, then one could theoretically construct a mathematical model of such a computer.

Hopefully my explanation is precise and clear. If the readers wish they may consult Turing's papers. These papers are reprinted in Davis' *The Undeliverable* (Turing's 1936 paper) and in Feigenbaum's *Computers and Thought* (Turing's later papers).

Alexander Martschenko
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor:

The hysterically uncomplimentary book review of the college professor exposé, *This Beats Working for a Living*, turned in by Steven Finer becomes a bit more comprehensible when one turns to the contributors section. It seems——undoubtedly, by sheer coincidence—that the outraged Mr. Finer is none other than an aspiring *Professor* Finer.

T.G. Cote
Phoenix, Arizona

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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 4)

college to handle the magazine's production. The most ignorant is William Kristol, who graduated from Harvard only to reenter that institution as a graduate student. The rest have threatened me with legal action if I even mention their names.

Our favorite gathering place is our office, a century-old Hoosier farm house situated on forty acres of lush clay, several miles outside metropolitan Bloomington. Fresh juices and health foods are always stocked in our commissary, but on Saturday evenings we generally indulge ourselves in some light malts and crumpets before breaking into a chorus of the corporation song, "I Am a One Hundred Percent American," Opus 143 of the late William W. Woolcott. It has been sung in the presence of many foreign dignitaries including Irving Kristol and William F. Buckley, Jr., none of whom has ever come back. Baron Von Kannon is our chorus master. He has tumescent and invincible adenoids, and his sound is very contemporary.

So there you have it, *The Alternative* magazine from breech birth to present glory—a little magazine of American ideas that tries to think seriously about serious matters, but does not scruple to abominate all that is asinine. Popularity is not our goal. If we were selling in supermarkets or at airport newsstands, I would retire in shame. I do not expect *The Alternative* to be lionized on college campuses where lecture programs feature windy politicians, astrologers, and the stars of surgical sex changes. But I do expect it to be read by what Lionel Trilling defines as "the intelligent public." Eschewing both elitism and demagoguery, *The Alternative* is a journal for the civilized minority. In recent years the political views of the average American have struck me as perfectly acceptable, and if I do not share Radical Chic's disdain for democratic politics, neither do I share its demagoguery over cultural matters. Give me law and order and give me Beethoven, but most importantly give me the freedom to choose. *The Alternative* is a magazine that has rejected the stultifying warmth of security and opted for freedom, the freedom to stand up for civilized society.

Ladies and gentlemen you have my report. Let us adjourn to the bar.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

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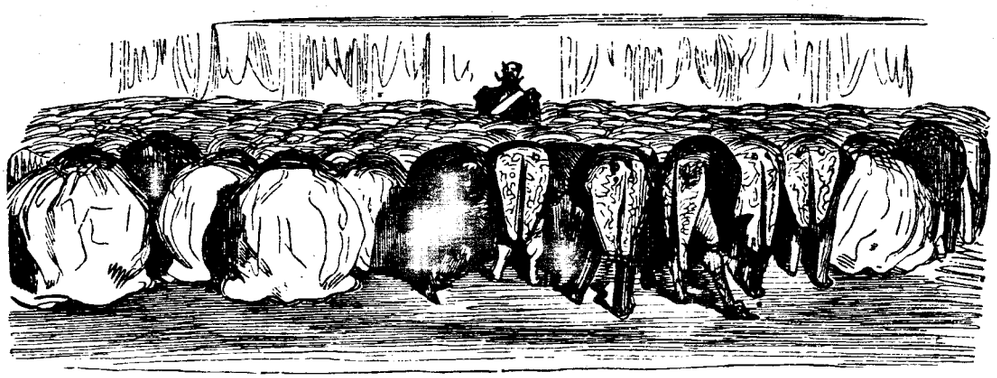

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